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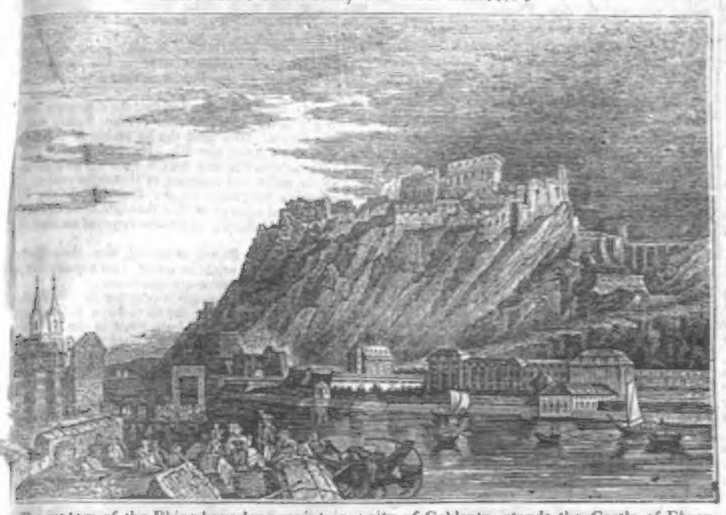
Ehrenbreitstein, on the Rhine.



The waters of the Rhine have long maintained their pre-eminence, as forming one of the richest and loveliest among the highways of Europe: and now that they have been visited by the noisome but seemingly attractive accommodations of the Dampschiffe, the beauties of the Rhinish shores have been visited by pilgrims from our own country, more numerous and more zealous than ever knelt before the shrine of Becket, or of our lady of Loretto. Many indeed, and various are the charms, by which the prince of rivers continues to allure the wanderings of the idle, the restless and the rich. The quaint old-world cities which reflect themselves in its waves,—offering the same contrast to their modern suburbs that a beauty in calf and farthingale would oppose to a Parisian grisette—and the tree tufted villages which, with their rustic spires and whitened walls, might represent a third Grace, in the guise of a fair peasant,—enliven the banks of the Rhine with a characteristic population. In the misty distance, the seven mountains display the rich and romantic grouping of their lofty summits; while, nearer to the shore, and apparently springing from the blue depths of the river, gigantic and pinnacled rocks spread their darkening shadows over the waters. Of these, many are crowned with the mouldering towers of feudal pride; others are adorned with a fringe of beech-trees which, springing from their shelving ledges, enliven the granite with their bright overhanging boughs; and some, and those the most inaccessible, have been transformed by the hand of industry into living vineyards, where the light foot of the grazer, or vintager, bounding to his labours, appears to emulate the peril of the sure-footed inhabitants of our native cliffs. Here, the spires of some lonely monastery surmount the highest crags of the rocky bank:—there, the cloistered votaries have sought a still more isolated seclusion, upon the very bosom of the waves. The towers and defences of absolute warfare are contrasted with the iron strength of modern fortresses; and the embattled keep of some lord of chivalry, frowns upon the green-shuttered cot of the living *Burgmeister*. Thus rich in every variety of landscape, animate and inanimate, the successive scenery of the Rhine boasts an intensity of interest scarcely to be surpassed.

But among all its united trophies of art and nature, there is not one more brightly endowed with picturesque beauty, or romantic association, than the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. When the eye of Childe Harold rested upon its "shattered wall," and when the pencil of Turner immortalized its season of desolation, it had been smitten in the pride of its strength by the keen glaive of war; and its blackened fragments and stupendous ruins had their voice for the heart of the moralist, as well as their charm for the inspired mind of genius. But now that military art hath knit those granite ribs anew,—now that the beautiful eminence rears once more its crested head, like a sculptured Cybele, with a coronet of towers,—new feelings, and an altered scale of admiration wait upon its glories. Once more it uplifts its giant height beside the Rhine, repelling in Titan majesty the ambition of France; once more, by its united gifts of natural position and scientific aid, it appears prepared to vindicate its noble appellation of "the broad stone of honour."

We cannot more appropriately illustrate the accompanying engraving from Mr. Turner's splendid view of this strong hold of power, taken in the hour of its desolation, than by quoting Lord Byron's description of it:—

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall,
Black with the miners' blast, upon her height,
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength, did light:
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain.
But peace destroyed what war could never blight,
And those proud towls bare to summer's rain,
On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain.

Literary Souvenir.

On the right bank of the Rhine, upon the summit of a rocky hill, directly opposite to the city of Coblentz, stands the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein ("the broad stone of honour.") It is now one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, both in respect of its natural position, and its artificial defences. It was originally a Roman camp, was renovated in 1160, and afterwards repaired and enlarged by the Elector John, Margrave of Baden, who dug a well of the depth of 260 feet, which was afterwards sunk 300 feet farther. During the revolutionary war, the castle was exposed to many hazards. General Marceau blockaded it for a month when the French army first passed the Rhine, in September 1795. It was twice blockaded in 1796, and cannonaded the second time from the neighbouring heights of Pfaffendorf and Arzhiem, without sustaining any injury. The French got possession of the height of Rellenkonf, but without any other further success, and the retreat of General Jourdan obliged them to raise the siege. It was again blockaded in 1797 by the French General Hoche, who kept it so till the peace of Lüeben: and in 1798 it was once more blockaded by the French, whilst the Congress of Radstadt was sitting, and was reduced to such a state of famine, that the defenders are said to have lived, among other things, upon cats and horse-flesh: cats being sold at three francs each, and horse-flesh at a franc per pound. In spite of the exertions of the commandant, Colonel Faber, and his earnest representations to the Congress the castle was left to its fate, and finally surrendered to the French in January 1799. The French blew up and otherwise destroyed great part of the works; and the view here given shows it in the state to which it was reduced by them. The convention of Paris at the termination of the war, in 1815, determined to re-establish the fortifications, and Ehrenbreitstein, with the adjoining fortifications of the Chartreuse and Petersberg, is now the most important fortress of the German frontier. The ancient monastery of the Chartreuse commands the approaches from Mayence and Hundsruch; Petersberg, those of Trèves and Cologne; and Ehrenbreitstein, the Rhine and the road from Nassau. The form and durability of the new works have been much admired. They have been constructed from the plans of Montalembert and Carnot, and the castle has received the official name of "Fort Frederic-William," from the present King of Prussia. The works are shown to visitors, on their obtaining permission of the commandant.

The view from the summit of the castle is a very rich and extensive one. Before you is Coblentz, its bridge of boats, and its two islands on the Rhine; behind it, the village and the beautiful ruins of the Chartreuse, upon a hill covered with vines and fruit trees. The scope of the view embraces more than thirty towns and villages. The Rhine flows majestically beneath it, and is here at about the widest part of it course. The space of about 120 miles between Mayence and Cologne, in which Coblentz stands midway, is that where the Rhine is broadest, and its scenery most picturesque. The view of this old castle naturally leads us to reflect on the degree in which modern Europe has ceased to resemble the classic ages to which Ehrenbreitstein was founded, or the feudal ages to which so much of its history belongs. It still bears the name of "the broad stone of honour," though many say that the days of honour have passed away with the days of chivalry. But if honour, in these times, has become rather a synonymous term for honesty and good faith, than the fantastic touchstone of chivalry, we have gained greatly by the change. The middle ages were not without their virtues, but they were all of a romantic kind. In the present times, it is to the inculcation of practical morality, the establishment of just laws, and the influence of a due sense of the plain and simple truths of religion, that we must look for the advancement of integrity and virtue among communities. The middle ages were too fertile in oppression, in crime, and in misery, to be regarded with any thing like regret that their character and spirit have not been stamped upon the times in which we are living.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

EVE'S BANISHMENT.

She knelt—the ever glorious sky,
Spread its blue wings above,
And angel's harps were breathing songs,
Of never-dying love:
The stainless moon was glancing bright,
Upon the glittering robes of night.

She knelt—in its untroubled pride,
The wayless st eam rolled by,
And glittered in the beamy light,
Of an unclouded sky:
And onward passed with murmuring sweep,
Unto the full and veiny deep.

She knelt—the myriad stars looked down,
In their smiling gaze,
Upon that green and sinless bower,
Her home in happier days!
And whispering woods and sea shore bland,
Her pale and feverish temples fanned.

She wept—a curse was on her heart—
A curse that could not die,
For the deep sin that rested there,
Was regnant on high:
And Hope could lend no vision fair,
To the starless night of her despair!

She wept—to leave the cherished band,
That decked the sylvan scene,
And danced like fairy revellers,
Upon the glittering green:
And almost offered rivalry,
Unto the bright and glorious sky!

She wept—that all the shining host,
That gazed upon her then,
Should never light her steps unto,
That sinless bower again:
But hence her heritage should be,
To toss on life's wild billowy sea!

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AFRICAN CHARACTER—PART I.

Thebes! what a glory on thy temples rose,
When monarchs, hardly less than gods were thine;
Though mystery and darkness shroud thy fate,
The glimpse imagination gives us is divine!

Through the long vista, as we gaze, half hid,
Domes though distant, graceful though austere,
Palace and pillar, fane and pyramid,
In awful grandeur and repose appear.

Nations, since born, have wept o'er thy decay;
Science and art have flourished and have died;
And glory, like a dream, has pass'd away—
Yet thine imperishable fame shall aye abide."

Africa, that once highly favoured country—the seat of learning and the abode of science; that nation which once stood proudly pre-eminent in the scale of Creation, hath fallen; she whose glory once filled a world; who was but yesterday Queen of the earth, can now find "none to put to do her reverence." We who enjoy the advantages of superior education, look down upon her children with pride and disdain, and regard and treat them as an inferior race of beings. But though despised and trusted abroad, and in their native land enveloped the gloom of superstition and ignorance,—yet we discover, upon examination, much that is admirable in their character; we shall find among them noble men, who have burst through the strong barriers of prejudice and gained from their self-constituted superiors, the unwilling tribute of praise.

In judging correctly of the national character of the African we should not view them as they exist in a state of slavery—here they are denied the natural rights of man, nor should we seek the shores of Africa and there look as a specimen the present condition of those who have become contaminated and degraded by their intercourse with the slave trader; but, we must take them as they exist in their native land, in their original simplicity of character, unacquainted with the virtues and vices attendant upon civilization.

We must view them as they are found in lands where the aristocracy of the skin is not acknowledged by the laws:—we must notice the individual character, wherever found, of those who in despite of the almost insurmountable obstacles that have opposed their progress, have triumphed over all difficulties, and given evidence to the words of the existence of those talents, which, for want of proper cultivation, have so long lain dormant.

The travellers who have visited Interior Africa, represent the natives to be, amiable in their disposition, kind in their manners and somewhat indolent in their habits; they are grateful for the most trifling favours, and by no means of a revengeful disposition: they appear anxious to gain information and desirous of improvement, treating with kindness and hospitality those who visit them.

Such then is the African character; or such at least is it represented to be; and that we may the more fully perceive the great difference which they exhibit under different circumstances, I shall give a brief sketch of the Hottentot nation.

The history of this interesting, and much injured people is full of instruction; we there view the African as lord of the soil, moderate in his wants, contented in his disposition, cheerful and happy; we afterwards see him reduced to a degrading state of servitude, his disposition totally changed, and scarce a trait of his former character remaining: but when the bonds of servitude are broken, we find him "a new made man," his mind enlightened by civilization, the degradation which once laid him to the earth removed, and the debased and ignorant slave becomes in a short time a virtuous and enlightened freeman.

When the Dutch invaded South Africa, they found a numerous people, who were divided into tribes and governed by chiefs, after the manner of the aborigines of this country; they lived in a climate mild and serene, their wants were moderate and easily supplied; their riches principally consisted in flocks and herds, which, being in continual danger from the depredations of wild beasts, required the constant and vigilant attention of their owners, this circumstance rendered them expert and daring hunters.

They have been represented by historians to be the lowest in the scale of African character, and though indolent and ignorant, we find that their invaders bear testimony to the bravery of this people, and the patriotism of the nation, but being compelled to yield to the superior power and knowledge of the Dutch, their country became the spoil of the invaders, and those who preferred the possession of their independence, to that of their native soil, retreated to the mountainous districts of the north, from whence they made frequent inroads upon the Colonists; this portion of the nation is known by the name of Bojesmen or Bushmen. Owing to their wandering life which they lead and their constant warfare with the colonists, agricultural pursuits are almost unknown to them, and when their hunting fails them, they have recourse for subsistence to roots, serpents, lizards and insects: holding the colonists in the greatest abhorrence, the aim, to induce them to become more civilized, have as yet proved futile.

Those who remained upon their native soil, became in the course of time the slaves of the Dutch; forcibly stripped of their possessions, and themselves treated with cruelty and barbarity worthy the Spanish Inquisition, without one ray of hope to cheer them; could we expect that they should be otherwise than brutal, servile and degraded.

A traveller speaking of the character of this people says: "A deep gloom constantly overspreads the features of the Hottentot. The muscles of his face are rarely seen to relax into a smile. Low as they are really sunk in the scale of humanity, their character has been much traduced and misrepresented. It is true there are not many prepossessing features in the appearance of the Hottentot, but many good and amiable qualities have been obscured by the false and ridiculous accounts, with which the world has been abused. They are a mild, quiet and timid people; perfectly harmless, honest and faithful; though extremely phlegmatic, they are nevertheless, kind and affectionate to each other, and by no means incapable of strong attachments. A Hottentot will, at any time, share his last morsel with a companion. They seldom quarrel among themselves, or use provoking language. They are by no means deficient in talents but they possess little exertion to bring it into action."

Cape Colony was taken by the British in 1806, but we find that although the country had changed owners, the same inhabitants and the same customs remained; the condition of the Hottentots was but little, if any better, under the English, until about the year 1822 or 23, when a missionary station was then established, and though the advantages they possessed were but few, yet under the protection of the missionaries, they rose rapidly in the scale of civilization. "In 1824 there were nearly 2,000 Hottentots on the books of the Missionary Institution. They had acquired about 2,000 head of cattle, 177 horses, 240 sheep and goats, and 60 waggons; the latter article is expensive and valuable in South Africa. 300 children attended the Sunday school, and there were about 60 communicants. Few sheep skin coverings ("the original dress of the natives") were to be seen on the premises; nearly all the men were dressed in English broad cloth, and the women in English chintzes. They competed successfully with the English and Dutch farmers for the conveyance of government stores from Angoda Bay to Graham's Tavern, and during the year exceeded nearly 20,000 rix dollars in the purchase of British manufactures; they had likewise contributed 500 rix dollars to the Missionary Society, chiefly by small weekly subscriptions."

When the great question of emancipation was brought before the British people, the lamentable situation of the Hottentots was not overlooked, the subject, the cause and the people were all enlisted in their behalf; and in July 1813, 30,000 Hottentot slaves were changed into 30,000 freemen, and admitted to all the privileges enjoyed by the white colonists. What was the consequence, did they rise upon their masters and murder them? No! Did they destroy their masters' property? No! Did they neglect their work and become vagrants in the land? No! Did anarchy ensue? No! Did mortality and religious suffer? No! What then were the results? all went on peaceable, their laborers were performed, the laws were respected and upheld, and they have ever since been improving in morality, religion and industry, and the colony is now advancing with rapid strides to happiness and prosperity.

M. C. S.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

To a Lady on hearing her Sing.

Oh! Lady, when thy manic tones
First fell upon my listening ear,
Pleased, yet bewildered, awed in soul,
I deemed some aerial spirit near:
Some cherub sprite, that from its home
In yonder blue and sunny sky
Had by the modest charms, had come
To ravish us with melody!
The source had touch'd the chords, when lo!
A current of sweet words came gushing,
Like to some fountain's overflow—
Now gen ly swelled—now madly rushing
In one wild bradlong stream along:
Sweeping, with its impetuous tide
Of mus ing tancies—feelings—grade—
(Soul-surmor attributes of song.)
All art's cold limits, rules, aside,
In scornful liberty—yet, with the strong
Resistless energy—the power,
That chaineth a mighty bass o'er
The human bosom,—bondage, thence,
All hearts with its own vehemence!

* * * * * *

Till now—thy slightest breath, alone,
Seems fraught with harmony—and one
Might dream who marked thy face, and air,
That music's self, were pictured there!

SENEX.

FROM "HORSE SHOE ROBINSON."

BY J. P. KENNEDY.

CHAPTER IV.

A Meeting of Lovers—Some insight into the Future.

The twilight had subsided and given place to a beautiful night. The moon had risen above the tree tops, and now threw her level rays upon the broad face of the massive pile of rocks forming the Fawn's Tower, and lit up, with a silvery splendour, the foliage that closed the steep cliff, and the almost perpendicular hill in its neighborhood. On the opposite side of the river, a line of beech and sycamore trees, that grew almost at the water's edge, threw a dark shadow upon the bank. Through these, at intervals, the bright moonlight fell upon the earth, and upon the quiet and deep stream. The woods were vocal with the whispering noises that give discord to the nights of summer; yet, was there a stillness in the scene that invited grave thoughts, and recalled to Butler's mind some painful emotions that belonged to his present condition.

"How complicated and severe are those trials,"—such was the current of his meditations,—"which mingle private grief with public misfortune—that double current of ill which runs, on one side, to the overthrow of a nation's happiness, and, on the other, to the prostration of the individual who labors in the cause! What a struggle have I to encounter, between my duty to my country, and my regard for those tender relations that still more engross my affections, nor less earnestly appeal to my manhood for defence! Upon the common quarrel I have already staked my life and fortune, and find myself wrapt up in its most perilous obligations. That cause has enough in it to employ and perplex the strongest mind, and to invoke the full devotion of a head and heart that are exempt from all other solicitude; yet I am embarrassed with personal cares that are woven in the very web of my existence,—that have planted themselves beside the fountain of my affections, and which, if they be rudely torn from me, would leave behind—but a miserable and hopeless wreck! My own Mildred!—to what and trials have I brought your affection;—and how nobly hast thou met them!

"Man lives in the contentious crowd;—he struggles for the palm that thousands may award, and fartspreading renown may rend the air with the loud hosts of praise. His is the strife of the theatre where the world are spectators;—and multitudes shall glorify his success, or lament his fall, or cheer him in the pangs of death. But woman, gentle, silent, secluded—thy triumphs are only for the heart that loves thee;—thy deepest griefs have no comforter but the secret communion of thine own pillow!"

While Butler had now returned beneath the cliff of the Fawn's Tower, was absorbed in this silent musing, his comrade was no less occupied with his own cares. The sergeant had acquired much of that forecast, in regard to small comforts, which becomes in some degree, an instinct in those who profession exposes them to the accidents of wind and weather. Tobacco, in his reckoning, was one of the most indispensable monuments of war; and he was, accordingly seldom without a good stock of this commodity. A corn cob, at any time, furnished him the means of carving the bowl of a pipe; which in his pocket, he carried a slender tube of reed which, being united to the bowl, formed a smoking apparatus, and familiar to the people of the country, and which, to use the sergeant's own phrase, "couldn't be touched for sweetness by the best pipe the very Queen of the Dutch herself ever smoked: that," he was in the habit of adding,—"must be: as I take it, about the tenderest thing of a whiff that the Dutchman knowed how to make."

A flint and steel—part also of his gear—now served to ignite his tobacco, and he had been, for some time past, sedately scanning the length and breadth of his own fancies, which were, doubtless, rendered the more sublime, by the murmurous charge rich volume of smoke had shed across his vision and infused into the atmosphere around his brain.

"Twelve shillings and sixpence,"—were the first words which became audible to Butler in the depth of his revery. "That, major,—said the sergeant, who had been rummaging his pocket, and counting over a handful of coin,—"is exactly the amount I have spent since this new inn night. I paid it to the old lady of the Swan, at Charlestown,—taking in advance for mending your bridle rein. Since you must make me paymaster to our march, I am obliged to square accounts every night. My noddle won't hold two days' reckoning. It gets cramped and flustered with so many numberings, that I lose the count clean out."

"It is of little consequence, Galbraith," replied Butler, seeking to avoid his companion's interruption.

"Squeeze up, and smoothing off, and bringing out this and that shilling straight as a penny, don't count natural to me,"—continued Robinson, too intent upon his reckoning to observe the discontinuance of Butler to a parley.—"money matters are not in my line. I take to them as downderstandingly as Gill Bentley did to the company's books, when they made him Orderly on the Wessamtux paper. For Gill, in the first place, couldn't write,—and, in the next place, if he could 'a done that, he never larnt to read,—so, you easy see, as that a beautiful puzzle-headed he had of it to keep the guard roster straight."

"Sergeant, look at yonder boat is house; I shall want it presently," said Butler, still giving no ear to his comrade's gossip—

"It is tied by an easy knot to the root of the tree," said Robinson, as he returned from the examination.

"Thank you," added Butler, with more than usual absentedness.

"Somethings, major, seems to press upon your spirits to-night," said the sergeant, in the kindest tone of inquiry. "If I could lend a hand to put anything that nought happens to have got crooked, into its right place again, you know, Major Butler, I wouldn't be slow to do it, when you say the word."

"I would trust me life to you, Galbraith, sooner than to any man living," replied the other, with an affectionate emphasis; "but you mistake me—I am not heavy at heart, though a little narrow, sergeant, as what has brought me here. Comrade," he added as he approached the sergeant, upon whose broad shoulder he familiarly laid his hand, with a smile, "you will keep a fellow soldier's counsel?"

"As I keep my heart in my body," interrupted Galbraith.

"I am sure of it—even as you keep your faith to your country, my true and worthy brother," added Butler with astonishment—"and that is, with no less honesty than a good man serves his God—then Galbraith, bear it in mind—I have come here for the sake of a short meeting with one that I love—as you would have a good soldier love the lady of his soul. You will hereafter speak of nothing that may fall within your notice. It concerns me deeply that this meeting should be secret."

"Major, I will have neither eyes nor ears, if it concerns you to keep anything that might chance to come to my knowledge private."

"It is not for myself, sergeant, I bespeak this caution; I have nothing to conceal from you; but there is a lady who is much interested in our circumspection. I have given you a long and solitary ride on her account, and may hereafter ask other services from you. You shall not find it more irksome, Galbraith, to stand by a comrade in love, than you have ever found it in war, and that, I know, you think not much."

"The war comes naturally enough to my hand," replied Galbraith, "but as for the love part, major, excepting so far as carrying a message, or, in case of a runaway, keeping off a gang of perilsome, intermeddlers, or watching, for a night or so, undera tree; or anything, indeed, in the riding or running, or watching, or scrimmaging line; I say, excepting these, my service mought'n turn to much account, I can't even play a fiddle at a wedding; and I've not the best tongue for making head-way amongst the women—howsomever, major, you may set me down for a volunteer on the first kiltorn hope you may have occasion for."

"Mr. Lindsay lives on the hill, across the river. There are reasons why I cannot go to this house; and his daughter, Galbraith, is an especial friend to us and to our cause"—

"I begin to see into it," interrupted the sergeant, laughing, "you have a notion of showing the old gentleman the same trick you played off upon Lord Howe's provost marshal, when you was lieutenant at Valley Forge, touching your stealing away his prisoner, captain Roberts. That was a main affair, too. Well, the best wife a man can have, major, is the woman that takes to him through fire and water. There was colonel Gardiner, that stole his wife just in that way, against all opposition of both father and mother; and a better woman never stitched up a seam, to my knowledge and belief."

"I have no thought of such an enterprise, sergeant," said Butler, "our purpose, for the present, must be confined to a short visit. We are boorish adventurers, Galbraith, and have little to offer to sweetheart or wife that might please a woman's fancy."

"When a woman loves a man, especially a sodger, replied the sergeant, "she sets as little store by house and home as the best of us. Still, it is a wise thing to tangling them with families—hark—I hear something like footsteps on t'other side of the river! Master Henry must be on his march."

After an interval, a low whistle issued from the opposite bank, and, in a moment, Butler was in the skiff, pushing his way through the darkling waters.

As the small boat, in which he stood upright, shot from the bright moonlight into the shades of the opposite side, he could obscurely discern Mildred Lindsay leaning on her brother's arm, as they both stood under the thick foliage of a large beech. And scarcely had the bow struck upon the pebbly margin, before he bounded from it up the bank, and was, in the next instant, locked in the embrace of one whose affection he valued above all earthly possessions.

When that short interval had passed away, in which neither Mildred nor Arthur could utter speech; during which the lady leant her head upon her lover's bosom, in that fond familiarity which plighted faith is allowed to justify in the most modest maiden,—sobbing the while in the intensity of her emotions; she then at last, as she nobly regained her self-possession said, in a soft and melancholy voice, in which there was nevertheless a tone of playfulness—

"I am a foolish girl, Arthur, I can boast like a blustering coward, when there is nothing to fear; and yet I weep, like a true woman, at the first trial of my courage."

"Ah, my dear Mildred, you are a brave girl," replied Butler, as he held both her hands and looked fondly into her face, "and a true and tried girl. You have come kindly to me,—and ever, like a blessed and gentle spirit of good, are prompt to attend me through every mischance. It is a long and weary time, love, since last we met."

"It is very—very long, Arthur."

"And we are still as far off, Mildred, from our wishes as at first we were."

"Even so," said Mildred, sorrowfully, "a year of pain drags heavily by, and brings no hope. Oh, Arthur what have I suffered in the thought that your life is set beset with dangers! I rose upon them with a childish fear, that was not so before our last meeting. They rise to disturb my daily fancies, and night finds them inhabiting my pillow. I was so thankful, that you escaped that dreary siege at Charleston."

"Many a poor and gallant fellow soldier there bit his lip with a chafed and peevish temper," said Butler; "but the day will come, Mildred, when we may yet carry a prouder head to the field of our country's honor"—

"And your share," interrupted Mildred, "will ever be to mend it in the front rank. In spite of all your perils past, your hard service, which has known no holiday; your intrigues, that, I have sometimes feared, would break down your health; and in spite, too, of the claims, Arthur, that your poor Mildred has upon you, you are even now again bound upon some bold adventure that must separate us—ah, perhaps, forever! Our fate has indeed in it. Ever beginning some fresh exploit!"

"You would not have your soldier bear himself otherwise than as a true knight, who would win and wear his lady love by good set blows when there was need for them?"

"If I were the genius that conjured up this war, I would give my own true knight a breathing space. He should pipe and dance between whiles," replied Mildred, sportively.

"He that put his sickle into this field, amongst the reapers," said Butler, with a thoughtful earnestness; "should not look back from his work."

"No, no, though my heart break while I say it—for, in truth, I am very melancholy, notwithstanding I force a beggar's smile upon my cheek—no, I would not have you stay or stand, Arthur, until you have seen this wretched quarrel at an end. I pressed your first resolve; loved you for it, applauded and cheered you; I will not now, for the sake of my weak, womanish apprehension, say one word to withhold your arm."

"And you are still" said Butler, "that same resolute enthusiast, that I found in the young and eloquent beauty who captivated my wayward heart, when the war first drew the wild spirits of the country together under our free banner?"

"The same foolish, conceited, heady, prattling truant, Arthur, that first took a silly liking to your pompous air, and made a hero to her imagination out of a boasting ensign; the same in all my follies, and in all my faults; only altered in one quality."

"And what, thy gentle and lovely lady, pray what is that one quality?"

"I will not tell you," said Mildred, carelessly; "would make you vainer than you are."

"It is not well to hide a kind thought from me, Mildred."

"Indeed it is not, Arthur; and so, I will master courage to speak it," said the confiding girl with veracity, after a short pause, during which she hung fondly upon her lover's arm; and then suddenly changing her mood, she proceeded in a tone of deep and serious enthusiasm; "it is, that since the short, eventful and most solemn meeting, I have loved you, Arthur, with feelings that I did not know until they were mine. My busy fancy has followed you in all your wanderings; painted with stronger hues than nature gives to any real scene the difficulties and dangers that might cross your path; nursed the seasons with a nervous acuteness of remark, from very impatience of the thought that they might blight your health or bring you some discomfort. I have pored over the accounts of battles, the march of armies, the tides of popular rebuking the events of her progress; studied the plans of generals and statesmen, as the newspaper or common rumor brought them to my knowledge; with an interest that has made those around me say I was sadly changed. In true all became I had grown cowardly, and feared even my own shadow. Oh, Arthur, I am not, indeed, what I was."

The solemnity, force and feeling with which Mildred gave utterance to these words, strangely contrasted with the light and gay tone in which she had commenced; but her thoughts had now fallen into a current that bore her forward into one of those bursts of excited emotion, which were the characteristic of her temper, and which threw a peculiar energy and eloquence into her utterance. Butler, struck by the strong workings of her agitation, and swayed, in part, by the painful reflections to which her words gave rise, repaid, in a state of feeling scarcely less serious than her own.

"Ah, Mildred," as he spoke, he parted her hair upon her pale forehead and kissed it, "dearest girl, the unknown cause to cause has no cup of suffering for me that I would not hold a cheap purchase for the moment like this. Even a year of painful absence past, and a still more solicitous one to come, may be gallantly and cheerfully borne when blessed with the fleeting interval of this night. To hear your faith, which though I never doubt upon it but with a confidence that I have held a most precious to doast, still, to hear it avowed from your own lips, now again and again, repeating what you have often breathed before, and in letter after letter, written down; it falls upon my heart, Mildred, like some good gift from Heaven, specially sent to revive and quicken my resolution in all the toils and labours that yet await me. There must be good in store for such a heart as thine; and trusting to this link, I will look to the future with a buoyant temper."

"The future," said Mildred, as she lifted her eyes to the pale moon that now sheeted with its light her whole figure as she and her lover strayed beyond the shade of the beech, "I almost shudder when I hear that word. We live but in the present; that, Arthur, is, at least, our own; poor as we are in almost all beside. That future is a perplexed and tangled riddle: a dreadful uncertainty, in the contemplation of which I grow superstitious. Such ill omens are about us! My father's inexorable will, so headstrong, so unconscious of the pain it gives me; his mood, yes, his fatal aversion to you; my thraldom here, where like a poor bird chocked by a cord, I chafe myself for fluttering on the verge of my prison bounds; and then, the awful perils that continually impend over your head; all these are more than weak imaginings; they are the realities of my daily life, and give me, what I am almost ashamed to confess, a sad and boding spirit."

"Nay, nay, dearest Mildred! away with all these unreasonable reckonings!" replied Butler, with a manner that too plainly betrayed counterfeit of mirth. "Seclusion, I would swear, had dealt unworthily with you. It has almost turned thee into a downright sentimental woman. I will have none of this stepping to the verge of melancholy. You were accustomed to cheer me with sunny and warm counsel; and you must not forget that it was yourself who taught me to strike aside the waves of fortune with a glad temper. The fates can have no spite against one so good as thou art! Time may bear us along like a rough trotting horse; and our journey may have its dark night, its quagmires, and its jack-o-lanterns; but there will come a ruddy morning at last; a smoother road, and an easier gait. And thou, my girl, shalt again instruct me how to win a triumph over the ills of life."

"And we will be happy, Arthur, because all around us will be so," added Mildred, catching the current of Butler's thoughts, with that ready versatility which eminently showed the earnestness and devotion of her feelings; "ah, may heaven grant this soon, and bring these dreams to life! I think, Arthur, I should be happier now, if I could but be near you in your wanderings. Gladly would I follow you through all the dangers of the war!"

"That were indeed, love, a trial past your faculty to endure. No, no, Mildred; she who would be a soldier's wife, should learn the soldier's philosophy; to look with a resigned submission on the present events, and trust to Heaven for the future. Your share in this struggle is to commune with your own heart in solitude, and teach it patience. Right nobly have you thus far borne that grievous burden! The sacrifice that you have made; its ever present and unmitigated weight, silently and sleeplessly inflicting its slow pains upon your free and generous spirit—that, Mildred, is the chief and most galling of my cares."

"This weary war—this weary war,"—breathed Mildred, in a pensive under key,—"when will it be done?"

"The longest troubles have their end," replied Butler; "and men at last, spent with the vexations of their own mischief, fly, by a selfish instinct, into the bosom of peace. God will prosper our enterprise, and bring our battered ship into a fortunate haven."

"How little like it seems it now," returned Mildred. "The general sorrow, alone, might well weigh down the stoutest heart. That cause which you have made mine, Arthur, to which you have bestowed your life, and which, for your sake," she added proudly, "should have this feeble arm of mine, could it avail; is it not even now trembling on the verge of ruin? Have not your letters, one after another, told me of the sad train in which misfortunes have thickened upon the whole people? of defeat, both north and south, and, at this very time, of disgraceful mutiny of whole regiments under the very eye of Washington—that Washington who loves his country and her soldiers, as a husband loves his bride, or a father his children. Have not those, to whom we all looked for champions, turned into mere laggards in the war for freedom? Oh, Arthur, do you not remember that these are the thoughts, the very words, which were penned by your own hand, for my especial meditation? How can I but fear that the good end is still far off? How can I but feel some weight upon my heart!"

"You have grown overwise, Mildred, in these ruminations. I am to blame for this, that in my peevish humour, vexed with the crosses of the day, I should not have written on such topics to one so sensitive as yourself."

"Still it is true, Arthur, all report confirms it."

"These things do not become your entertainment, Mildred. Leave the public care to us. These are bold hearts, love, and strong arms yet to spare for this quarrel. We have not yet so exhausted our mines of strength, but that much rough ore still lies unturned to the sun, and many an uncouth lump of metal remains to be fashioned for serviceable use. History tells of many a rebound from despondency, so sudden and unreckoned, that the wisest men could see in it no other spring than the decree of God. He will fight the battle of the weak, and set the right upon a sure foundation."

"The country rings," said Mildred, again taking the more cheerful hue of her lover's hopes, and following out, with an affectionate sympathy, his tones of thought, "with anticipation of victory from Gates' southern march"—

"That may turn out to be a broken reed," interrupted Butler, as if thinking aloud and struck by Mildred's reference to a subject that had already engrossed his thought; "they may be deceived. Washington would have put a different man upon that service. I would have a leader in such a war, wary, watchful, humble; diffident as well as brave. I fear Gates is not so."

"Then I trust, Arthur," exclaimed Mildred, with anxious alacrity, "that your passions exped non does not connect you with his fortune?"

"I neither follow his colours, nor partake of his counsels," replied Butler. "Still my motions may not be exempt from the influence of his failure or success. The enemy you are aware, has possessed himself of every post of value in South Carolina and Georgia. I go commissioned to advise with discreet and prudent men, upon the means to shake off this odious domination. So far only, and remotely too, I am a fellow laborer with Gates. There are gallant spirits now afoot Mildred, to strip these masters of their power. My office is to aid their enterprise."

"If you needs must go, Arthur,—I have no word to say.—You will leave behind you an aching heart, that moaning, noon, and night, wearies heaven with its prayers for your safety.—Alas, I have no other aid to give!—How soon—how soon," she said with a voice that faltered with the question,—"does your duty compel you to leave me?"

"To-morrow's sunrise, love, must find me forth upon my way."

"To-morrow, Arthur?—so quickly to part?"—

"I dare not linger, not even for the rich blessings of thy presence."

"And the utmost length of your journey?"

"Indeed, I know not.—At present my farthest aim is Ninety-six and Augusta—it much depends upon the pleasure of your proud and wilful masters."

Mildred stood for some moments looking upon the ground in profound silence. Her bosom heaved with and emotion.—

"It is a dangerous duty,"—said she, at last.—"I cannot speak my apprehension at the thought of your risks amongst the fierce and treacherous men that overrun the country to which you travel."

"These perils are exaggerated by distance,"—returned Butler.—"A thousand expedients of protection and defence occur when present, that the absent cannot fancy. It is a light service, Mildred,—and may more secretly be performed with a gay heart than a sad one. I pray you do not suffer that active imagination of yours to invest the every day adventures of your poor soldier with a romantic interest, of which they are not worthy. I neither slay giants, nor disenchant ladies, nor poke captive griffins together.—No, no, I shall murrain some overfed clown, and outwit some simple boobies,—and, perhaps, sell my boots in a great slough,—and then hasten back, love, to boast of my marvels to the credulous ear of my lady, who I warrant, will think me a most precious hero."

"How can you laugh, Arthur?—And yet I would not have you catch my foolish sadness either."—

"I have with me, besides, Mildred, a friend good at need; one Galbraith Robinson, a practised and valiant soldier, who sits on yonder bank. He is to be the companion of my journey; he is shrewd, vigilant and cautious—an inhabitant moreover of the district to which I am bound; his wisdom can do much for my success. Then I travel too in peaceful guise. My business is more concerned with negotiation than with battle."

"It is a way-laid path, Arthur"—said Mildred, in the same faint voice with which she had spoken before.

"Never take it so heavily, my love!"—exclaimed Butler, familiarly seizing her hand, which as trembling now betrayed her agitation,—"it is the mere sport of the war to be upon a running service, where a light contagion or an ill baffle s ses of dull-pated clodpoles: I scarcely deem it a venture, to dodge through a bog, where every man flies from his neighbour, out of mutual distrust. These fellows have brought themselves on such bad terms with their own consciences that they start like thieves at the waving of a bull-rush."

"They would be the more cruel, replied Mildred,—"if some ill luck should throw you in their power. If that should happen,"—she added; and for a while she hesitated to speak, as a tear fell upon Butler's hand—"if that should happen—I cannot bear the thought."

"They dare offer me no wrong, Mildred.—The chances of battle are sufficiently various to compel even the victors to pursue the policy of humanity to prisoners. The conqueror of to-day may himself be a captive to-morrow, and a bloody reprisal would await his barbarity. Again, let me remind you, these are not fit topics for your meditation."

"They are topics for my heart, Arthur, and will not be driven from it.—If your lot should put you to the power of the enemy—the name of Mildred Lindsay, and the relation you bear her, whispered in their ears, may, perhaps, unlock their clemency. My father has many friends in those ranks,—and it may be that I am not unknown to some of them; oh, remember that."

"You have little need to teach me to think or speak of Mildred Lindsay,"—said Butler eagerly. "I cannot forget that name. But I may well doubt its charm upon the savage bull dogs who are now baiting out citizens in Carolina;—those ruthless partizans who are poisoning the fountains of contentment at every fireside. It is not a name to conjure evil spirits with."

"Major Butler,"—said Henry, who, during this long interval, had been strolling backward and forward, like a sentinel, at some distance from his sister and lover, and who, with the mistrust natural to a soldier on duty, forebore even to listen to what he could not have heard overhearing, if it had not been for discerning a figure—"Major, I don't like to make or meddle with things that don't belong to me—but you and Mildred have been talking long enough to settle the course of a whole campaign. And as my father thinks he can't be too careful of Mildred, and doesn't like her walking about after night-fall I shouldn't be surprised if a messenger were despatched for us—only I think that man Tyrrel is hatching some plot with him to night, and may keep him longer in talk than usual."

"Who is Tyrrel?—inquired Butler.

"One that I wish had been in his grave before he had ever seen my father,"—answered Mildred with a bitter vehemence. "He is a wicked emissary of the royal party sent here to entrap my dear father into their toils.—Such as it has ever been his fate to be cursed with from the beginning of the war;—but this Tyrrel, the most hateful of them all."

"Alas, alas, your poor father!—Mildred, what deep sorrow do I feel that he and I should be so estran

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, May 30.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, one square from Girard Bank.

☞ When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post office the papers are received.

☞ Very many subscribers and agents are extremely dilatory. We shall be obliged to the agents at Alexandria, D. C., Elkton's Mills, Nashville, Huntsville and Mobile, and cut off all our subscriptions at those places, unless we see some share of attention and punctuality is paraded to us.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The favour from our friend J. B. S. will meet attention.

"A Sketch from Memory," by Junior, is well written, but the sentiment of the article is highly reprehensible. In real life, a confession of immorality and guilt, such as made by Junior, would exile the individual from society, and the moral of romance should be no less pure and decided. We have read the article, in truth, with no little surprise and regret.

"The Brothers," by P. H. will be published as early as possible.

Senex will please excuse us. We have not forgotten him.

The articles by Pater, Veritas, H. C. G., Wahra H. D., we respectfully decline, for various sufficient reasons, among which we may mention—incorrect language—carelessly constructed sentences—hackneyed sentiments and uninteresting incidents.

"A Parody," by J., shall have a place in our next.

"A. B." we cannot oblige.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"*The Gettysburg Wreath*," is the title of a small quarto publication, just commenced in Gettysburg, Pa. by Robt. W. Middleton, Esq. It is devoted to light literature, and the number before us is well filled with pleasant articles.

The Book of Science.—Part second of the "Book of Science—a familiar introduction to the principles of Natural Philosophy," has just been published by Messrs Carey, Lea & Blanchard. It is devoted to an elucidation of the principles of Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, and furnishes, in familiar language, much useful and important information on these interesting subjects. This is a very entertaining and profitable work for young people.

Atkinson's Casket.—The June number of this periodical, will be published early next week. It is embellished with a portrait of the late David Rittenhouse, Esq. the distinguished astronomer of this state, of whom a biographical sketch is furnished. Also with a view of Schaffhausen, Switzerland, and an engraving of the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, accompanied with an interesting sketch of these devoted but ill-fated lovers. Several other engravings will be found in this number, and a great variety of articles of prose and poetry, original and selected.

"The Law Library," for June, edited by Mr. Purdon, of the Philadelphia Bar, and published by Mr. Littell, Law Bookseller, George street, has been issued, and contains the conclusion of Rand's able Treatise of "*Assets, Debts and Incumbrances*," and the entire Treatise of the same learned author, on the "*Exposition of Wills*."

A new volume of the Library will be commenced with the number for July.

Heloi's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem.—This work, revised and abridged by the Rev. Baron Stow, of Boston, is embraced in a neat 12mo of 300 pages.

It purports to be, less a recital of individual adventures, than a full and copious history of Judaism, with the geographical outlines of the Holy Land, and the religious rites and ceremonies of the Jewish people. The date of the narrative is the century preceding the birth of Christ, about the time of the close of the books of Maccabees, the last era of the freedom and independence of the Jews. The author describes his plan as follows:

"A young Jew, who had been enamoured of the prevailing Grecian philosophy, has returned to the observance of the laws of his fathers, at one of those important crises in life which decide the character of succeeding periods. Bent on the fulfilment of the law, which he believes it impossible to accomplish any where but in the place where the altar of Jehovah is fixed, he makes a journey from Alexandria, where he had been brought up, accompanied by his uncle, to Jerusalem, in the spring of the year 109 before the birth of Christ; remains there during the half year which included the principal religious festivals; becomes a priest; enters into the married state; and by the guidance of Providence, and varied experience, attains to the conviction, that peace of mind is only to be found in believing in Him who has been promised for the consolation of Israel."

To those of our readers who are not versed in the religious history of the Jews, this volume presents strong attractions. The course of the narrative is well sustained, and over the whole is thrown a philosophical drapery, that argues the author to be a man of erudite learning and theological research.

The work is from the press of William D. Ticknor, Boston, and may be obtained in this city, of Messrs. Carey & Hart.

"The Christian Library" is the title of a very useful publication, issued by Thos. George, Jr. of New York, devoted to the republication of standard religious works. We have several numbers now before us, containing Watson's Life of the Rev. John Wesley, A. M. the founder of the Methodist Societies, and the commencement of Taylor's Life of Cowper. The Library is in octavo form, and is under the supervision of clergymen connected with the Baptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist churches.

C. F. Fessenden, 223 Chesnut street, is the agent for the work in this city.

The Crayon Miscellany.—The second number of the Crayon Miscellany, by Washington Irving, Esq. is published thisday, by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. The volume is occupied with sketches of Abbotsford, the late residence of Walter Scott, and Newstead Abbey, the residence of Lord Byron.

It is unnecessary to say a word in favor of this work to those who appreciate, as they ought, the talents of our countryman Irving. His scenes are painted with the skill of a finished artist, and he possesses, in an eminent degree, the happy facility of clothing all his sketches with absorbing interest. The present work details, in vivid language, the writer's interview with Scott, and his feelings and reflections during a short sojourn in Newstead Abbey. The associations with which he was connected on both occasions were, of course, deeply interesting, and it is impossible to peruse his beautiful, chaste and elegant remarks, without imbibing, in a great degree, the enthusiasm of the author for the talents of those men of giant intellect. Many amusing scenes and incidents are interepersed in the sketches, giving a pleasant and highly entertaining character to the whole volume.

Messrs. Key & Biddle are about to publish a volume of sketches of Rome, Italy, Naples, Venice, &c. from the pen of a young American, recently returned from an excursion to those countries. We have looked over the sheets, and feel satisfied that the work possesses more than ordinary merit. The sketches are graphic and interesting, and the writer shows himself to be a man of education, taste and close observation. The following may be cited as a specimen.

CHURCH CEREMONIES.

A bright Sabbath morning found me seated in the little chapel of a monastery, the dark and riveted walls of which denoted its antiquity. A few individuals were seated upon the wicker chairs around, and between the lattice-work of the partition, several nuns might be seen quietly engaged in their devotions. I had come thither to witness the ceremony by which two females entered upon their noviciate. When the chapels on either side of the lattice were well-nigh filled, and a priest, robed for the occasion, had placed himself near the grate, an elderly preacher approached, and seating himself, addressed impassionately the kneeling females. His discourse, couched in the symphone accents of the Italian, and delivered with angular energy, was not without impressiveness. He painted in glowing colours the temptations to which humanity is exposed upon the arena of the world, the moral safety and satisfaction of religious seclusion, the beauty and acceptableness in the sight of Heaven of the consecration of the young and the warm-hearted—even such as they who knelt silently by—to the cause of Christ and the Church. The priest and his assistants then chanted from the ritual for some time, the silvery voices of the nuns blending melodiously with the choruses. At length the clear yet hesitating voices of the novitiates might be heard as they read their vows. Their interesting appearance and the associations of the moment were not inoperative upon those of us to whom the scene was new; there was a kind of a sad and thrilling poetry in their very tones.

The first Sunday in Advent is one of those days when services are attended by the Pope in the Sistine Chapel. I willingly embraced the opportunity to obtain a view of his Holiness. The comparatively small room, one of the halls of the Vatican, was surrounded at an early hour by a large concourse of strangers. We passed through the whole band of Swiss guards, drawn up in the colonnade. These, although somewhat picturesque in their appearance, always reminded me of the soldiers of the opera-house, or the stage, as to the suit they wear, and something in their *tout ensemble*, seems more scenic than actual—more designed for effect than action. Upon entering, I looked intently upon a work of art of which I had heard much—said to be, in fact, the most meritorious and wonderful of paintings; the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, covering the entire back wall of the chapel. With all my gazing, however, I could but descry numerous and apparently most muscular figures, in various positions, the centre one in the attitude of command. Subsequent inquiry and reading, in some degree, explains the disappointment caused by a first view of this renowned production. Its chief merit consists in the bold yet natural developement of the forms, and the mathematical precision of the execution. It is, in a word, a grand study for the artist, and would more immediately affect the merely curious, had not time defaced, and did not a bad position obscure its merits. The living pageant, however, soon attracted attention. Many cardinals, bishops, and other dignitaries, with their purple robes and ermine decorations, occupied the topmost division. But the Pope entering, riveted the eyes of most of the audience. Nothing remarkable in his physiognomy strikes the beholder, except an unusually prominent nose. There was much apparent seriousness and devotion evinced by this personage, and, indeed, by the whole assembly; the chanting was solemn, though not remarkable, and to one devotionally disposed, the whole service was by no means void of grateful influence.

Outre Mer.—The Harpers have just published a new work under this title, by Professor Longfellow. The contents are chiefly drawn from the writer's observations while on a journey "beyond the sea;" and excepting the sketches of Washington Irving, we have read no work, for a long time past, so truly eloquent, and so powerfully absorbing in interest. Professor Longfellow's style is chaste and pure, and his paintings, reflections and dissertations are so spirited and graphic, that the attention of the reader is at once enlisted. Some months since we published a sketch of thrilling interest, under the head of "Baptism of Fire," which we find in the present work, in company with various others of equal merit.

We commend *Outre Mer* to the attention of all who know how to appreciate fine sentiment and eloquent composition; and especially to those who look with a cold eye upon the productions of American writers. It may be obtained of Mr. H. Perkins, Chesnut street, and of the booksellers generally.

From a chapter headed "A Tailor's Drawer," we extract the following:

I.

A tailor's drawer, quoth'a?

Yes; a tailor's drawer. Sooth to say, it is rather a quaint rubric for a chapter in the pilgrim's breviary; albeit, it well befits the motley character of the following pages. It is a title which the Spaniards give to a desultory discourse, wherein various and discordant themes are touched upon, and which is crammed full of little shreds and patches of erudition; and certainly it is not inappropriate to a chapter whose contents are of every shape and hue, and "do not more adhere and keep place together than the hundredth psalm to the tune of Green Sleeves."

II.

It is recorded in the Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillana, that when this renowned personage first visited the city of Madrid, he took lodgings at the house of Mateo Melendez, in the Puerta del Sol. In choosing a place of abode in the Spanish court, I followed, as far as practicable, this illustrious example; but, as the kind-hearted Mateo had been long gathered to his fathers, I was content to take up my residence in the hired house of Valentin Gonzalez, at the foot of the Calle de la Montera. My apartments were in the third story, above the dust, though not beyond the rattle, of the street; and my balconies looked down into the Puerta del Sol, the heart of Madrid, through which circulates the living current of its population at least once every twenty-four hours.

The Puerta del Sol is a public square, from which diverge the five principal streets of the metropolis. It is the great rendezvous of grave and gay—of priest and layman—of gentle and simple—the mart of business and of gossip—the place where the creditor seeks his debtor, where the lawyer, seeks his client, where the stranger seeks amusement, where the friend seeks his friend, and the foe his foe; where the idler seeks the sun in winter, and the shade in summer, and the busy-body seeks the daily news, and picks up the crumbs of gossip to fly away with them in his beak to the nests of Dona Paquita!

Tell me, ye who have sojourned in foreign lands, and know in what bubbles a traveller's happiness consists,—is it not a blessing to have your window overlook a scene like this?

III.

There—take that chair upon the balcony, and let us look down upon the busy scene beneath us. What a confused roar the crowded thoroughfare sends up! Though three stories high, we can hardly hear the sound of our own voices! The London cries are whispers when compared with the cries of Madrid.

See—yonder stalks a gigantic peasant of New Castile, with a montera cap, brown jacket and breeches, and coarse blue stockings, forcing his way through the crowd, and leading a donkey laden with charcoal, whose sonorous bray is in unison with the harsh voice of his master. Close at his elbow goes a rosy-cheek'd damsel, selling cebeo. She is an Asturian from the mountains of Santander. How do you know? By her short yellow petticoats—her blue boddice—her coral necklace and earrings. Through the middle of the square struts a peasant of Old Castile, with his yellow leather jerkin strapped round his waist—his brown leggins and his blue garters—driving before him a flock of gabbling turkeys, and crying, at the top of his voice, "Pao, pao, pavos, pavos!" Next comes a Valencian, with a loose linen trousers and sandal shoon, holding a huge sack of watermelons upon his shoulder with his left hand, and with his right balancing high in air a specimen of his luscious fruit, upon which is perched a little pyramid of the crimson pulp, while he tempts the passers-by with "A cala, y calando; una sandia vendo-o-o. Si esto es sangre?"—(By the slice—come and try it—watermelon for sale. This is the real blood!) His companion near him has a pair of scales thrown over his shoulder, and holds both arms full of muskmelons. He chimes into the harmonious ditty with "Melo—melo-o-o—melocitos; aqui esta el azucar!"—(Melons, melons; here is the real sugar!) Behind them creeps a slow-moving Asturian, in heavy wooden shoes, crying watercresses, and a peasant woman from the Guadarrama mountains, with a montera cocked up in front, and a blue 'kerchief tied under her chin, swings in each hand a bunch of live chickens—that hang by the claws head downwards, fluttering, scratching, crowing with all their might, while the good woman tries to drown their voices in the discordant cry of "Quien me compra un gallo—un par de gallinas?"—(Who buys a cock—a brace of hens—who buys!) That toll fellow in blue, with a pot of flowers upon his shoulder, is a wag, beyond all dispute. See how cunningly he cocks his eye up at us, and cries, "Si yo tuviera balcon!"—(If I only had a balcony!

What next? A Manchego with a sack of oil under his arm; a Gallego with a huge water-jar upon his shoulder; an Italian pedlar with images of saints and madonnas; a razor-grinder with his wheel; a mender of pots and kettles, making music, as he goes, with a shovel and a frying-pan; and, in fine, a noisy, patch-work, ever-changing crowd, whose discordant cries mingle with the rumbling of wheels, the clatter of hoofs, and the clang of church-bells; and make the Puerta del Sol, at certain hours of the day, like a street in Babylon the Great.

IV.

Chiton! A beautiful girl, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, and the form of a fairy in a midsummer night's dream, has just stepped out on the balcony beneath us! See how coquettishly she crosses her arms upon the balcony,—thrusts her dainty little foot through the bars, and plays with her slipper. She is an Andalusian, from Malaga. Her brother is a bold dragoon, and wears a long sword; so beware! and "let not the creaking of shoes and the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman." Her mother is a dowdy lady, "fat and forty;" eats garlic in her salad, and smokes cigars. But mind! that is a secret; I tell it to you in confidence.

V.

The following little love ditty I translate from the Spanish. It is as delicate as a dew drop:

She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,
Whose shining arms I see,
If steed, or sword, or battle-field,
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st thy flock
Beneath the shadowy tree,
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge,
Be half so fair as she!

VI.

A miller has just passed by, covered with flour from head to foot, and perched upon the rip end of a little donkey, crying "Arre borico;" and at every cry swinging a cudgel in his hand, and giving the ribs of the poor beast what in the vulgar dialect is called a *cachiporrara*. I could not help laughing, though I felt provoked with the fellow for his cruelty. The truth is, I have great esteem for a jackass. His meekness, and patience, and long-suffering, are very amiable qualities, and, considering his situation, worthy of all praise. In Spain, a donkey plays as conspicuous a part as a priest or a village alcalde. There would be no getting along without him. And yet, who so beaten and abused as he?

VII.

Here comes a gay gallant, with white kid gloves, a quizzing-glass, a black cane, with a white ivory apple, and a little hat, cocked pertly on one side of his head. He is an exquisite for, and a great lady's man. You will always find him on the Prado at sunset, when the crowd and dust are thickest, ogling through his glass, flourishing his cane, and humming between his teeth some favourite air of the Semiramis, or the Barber of Seville. He is a great amateur, and patron of the Italian Opera—beats time with his cane—nods his head, and cries *bravo!*—and fancies himself in love with the Prima Donna. The height of his ambition is to be thought the gay Lothario—the gallant Don Cornejo of his little sphere. He is a poet withal, and daily besieges the heart of the cruel Dona Inez with sonnets and madrigals. She turns a deaf ear to his song, and is inexorable.

We understand that petitions are circulating amongst our citizens, to the city councils, soliciting those bodies to settle, by a compromise, the long agitated dispute connected with the grave yard, located within the north east public square, belonging to one of the respectable and ancient German congregations. It seems that ninety-four years ago, the Congregation referred to, purchased the ground of the Proprietaries, and paid for it under an honest conviction, that their title was as valid as it would have been to any other lot within the city. Thirty years ago the city claimed it as within a square allotted by William Penn, the founder, as an open square. A suit was commenced but was discontinued. Another was instituted not long since, or is about to be.—Should that suit be decided in favour of the congregation, the beauty of the square will be destroyed by a fenced enclosure within its limits, occupying a space of 150 by 306 feet. It is stated that a compromise can be effected for forty thousand dollars, which would be well spent in forever disposing of a question, which has excited so many painful feelings amongst those whose ancestors and relatives have been buried in the ground.

Our Exchange.—This beautiful and commodious building, excites the admiration of the numerous strangers who are daily visiting our city, and we are glad to learn that its enterprizing stockholders are likely to receive a fair interest for their money. Already, the number of subscribers for the present year, exceeds the number for last year, by near two hundred. Mr. Coffee, the superintendant, is kind and obliging to all, and justly popular. Mr. Sanderson, its late active care-taker, left it some time since, to take charge of the large hotel in Fourth street above Market, where, we are glad to learn, he continues to secure a large share of the public patronage. The Exchange deserves the support of the citizens of Philadelphia, and we rejoice that it receives it.

Improvement.—We doubt whether at any previous period our city has exhibited so many of those indications which usually accompany a fine state of prosperity, as at present. The influence of the times appears to be felt in every view of the community. Every pulse beats high. All is hope and confidence, excitement and activity. The city itself has many marks of the presence of the spirit of improvement. Every square is encumbered with the materials of building; in every street the song of the bodman and the clink of the trowel is heard. The low-framed but time-honoured dwellings of our fathers are disappearing. Like the generations that erected and enjoyed them they are passing away. In their place stately and elegant mansions and lofty and capacious stores are springing up. In all directions the face of innovation may be seen peering through surrounding ruins. To-day you will scarce recognise the street you promenaded yesterday; and to-morrow a further change will startle you with fresh surprise. We understand that among other contemplated improvements, the Masonic Hall, has been purchased by Mr. Swaim, and will be improved. While these revolutions are raging in the centre of the city, a still greater change is taking place in the suburbs. The green fields are disappearing; the brick-ponds are passing away; and the red streets are stretching, stretching—who can tell whither? They have been increased with accelerated speed for years until the predictions of the croakers are forgotten and even the calculations of the visionary transcended. Men have awakened in the morning and found themselves rich. The city has stretched its huge arms and clasped their brick yards and cabbage gardens to its breast—and they are affluent. Where will this end? We trust that it will have no end.—*Phil. Gaz.*

COMMUNICATION.

At the Walnut St. Theatre, the attractions this week have been such as to draw respectable and crowded houses. The Cooperis are now fulfilling a short engagement, and meet with the success the father's well known abilities, and the daughter's merits, so amply deserve. Miss Cooper took a benefit on Wednesday night, and was enthusiastically cheered by an audience both large and fashionable. Wreaths were thrown upon the stage, and other demonstrations of respect evinced by those who beheld her charming representation of Beatrice, in the play of Much-ado-about-Nothing, and Catharine, in the farce of Catharine and Petruchio.

The celebrated dogs, Hector and Bruin, are announced as shortly to appear.

Robbery of the Baltimore Post Office.—We subjoin from the Baltimore American of Saturday, the particulars of a most melancholy and extraordinary case of robbery. Mr. Jones, the person mentioned, is, if we mistake not, the adopted son of Dr. William Gwynn, for many years the editor of the Baltimore Gazette. Dr. G. but a short time since resigned the helm of that establishment to the hands of the individual who has been tempted to the commission of acts that must fix upon his name indelible infamy. Before the development Mr. J. was esteemed and respected by all who knew him—now, alas! he is the tenant of a prison, pined though shunned by those with whom he so recently held companionship and intercourse. The Baltimore Patriot mentions at the time of his arrest, a number of lottery tickets were found upon his person. Dr. Gwynn has resumed the editorial control of the Gazette.

No small degree of astonishment and regret pervaded this community yesterday, as the report circulated rapidly through the city, that the editor of the Baltimore Gazette, William Gwynn Jones, had been arrested yesterday morning on the charge of having robbed the Post Office of letters containing enclosures of money. Subsequent inquiries, we are pained to state, proved the report in question to be but too true. For at least a month past as we learn from an authentic source, the Baltimore Post Office has been in the unpleasant predicament of hearing the complaints of merchants and others, who alleged that their letters, sometimes containing money, had failed to come to hand. In several instances it was ascertained that letters thus missed had been regularly mailed at distant offices, and as they had not reached the individuals here to whom they were addressed, the position of the the clerks in the office was rendered extremely unpleasant. The missing letters were uniformly, we believe, those due by the Southern and Western mails, the delivery of which was in the morning. Mr. Jones was accustomed to visit the Post Office at a very early hour in the morning, and obtained his papers before the office was opened for general delivery. In doing so he was daily within reach of the tables on which the latter mails are spread. Complaints of the loss of letters within a few days past were again repeated, and the suspicions of the clerks were at length directed to Mr. J. On Thursday morning he went as usual into the Post Office, and when he retired, certain letters which had been placed in a particular spot, near him, had also disappeared. The discovery, it may be well imagined, was truly astounding to the clerks, but as neither of them could testify to the fact of having seen him take the letters, it was deemed prudent to await further developements. Yesterday morning Mr. Jones again entered the Post Office for his papers, and was seen by a clerk who was on the watch to take a large double letter, the address of which had been previously noted.—He was also seen to take from the table five entire packages of southern and western letters which had been opened. Immediately afterwards he left the office, and as he was proceeding to his own office was arrested by a deputy marshal who had been in waiting for the purpose. The double letter, and also the entire packages containing from fifty to a hundred letters, were found in his possession. He subsequently made admissions which show the purloining of a thousand dollars from letters at various times. The unhappy man—who, up to this period, has enjoyed a full share of the public confidence and respect,—has been committed to prison, to take his trial at the regular term of the U. S. Circuit Court.

The publicat on of this detail is made with sincere regret, and only to correct the many exaggerated reports which are afloat on the subject.

UNITED STATES BANK.

The following are the important items of the monthly statement of the U. S. Bank, for the 1st inst. viz:

Loans on personal security,	31,732,514.89	
bank stock,	680,724.14	
other securities,	5,584,707.84	
	$37,997,946 87	
Domestic Bills of Exchange,	23,931,478.20	
		61,919,425.06
Baring, Brothers & Co.		2,384,766.40
Specie,		14,385,843.42
Redemption of Public Debt,		392,149.96
Treasurer of the United States,		545,062.61
Public Officers,		1,046,688,61
Individual Deposites,		2,383,954,47
Circulation,		20,347,936.68
Due from Banks,		2,983,737.55
Due to State Banks,		6,404,048.06
Notes of State Banks,		2,346,702,50

Curious Astronomical Theory.—We state the following on the authority of M. Arago, the eminent French astronomer:—If we place in horizontal line a series of figures of which the law is evident (each double the preceding)—

0 1 2 12 21 48 96 192

and afterwards add 4 to each, we shall have a series denoting the relative distances of the plants from the sun: thus—

4 7 10 16 28 52 100 196

Mercury. Venus. Earth. Mars. Jupiter. Saturn. Uranus.

If 10 represents the distance of the Earth, 4 will be that of Mercury, 7 Venus, 16 Mars, and 52, 100, and 196, the respective distances of Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus. This law was known as far as 100 before the discovery of Uranus; and the distance of that planet being found to correspond, affords a very remarkable confirmation of its truth. But it will be observed there will be a deficiency of one term between Mars and Jupiter, and nearly at the proportional distance of 28 from the Sun. This planet was named Ceres; and since three others have been found—Palias, Juno and Vesta, all of which flow their orbits so near to each other as to lead astronomers to believe that they are fragments of a larger planet, which had been shattered into pieces by some internal explosion or the shock of a comet.

Russian Hotels.—The inns in Russian towns are of two kinds: those kept by Russians and those by foreigners. The former are such scenes of filth as no Englishman can have any idea of; they have no beds, for no Russian who sleeps in a bed ever stops at a Russian inn. They merely supply food and drink, cards and a billiard table. The inns kept by Germans, Italians and French, resemble the inns of other parts of the continent. They are almost entirely used by foreigners; for Russian noblemen, when travelling, never stop to sleep, but at the houses of their friends. If a nobleman of Odessa has no friends between that place and Moscow, he travels night and day till he arrives at that city.—*Agricultural Magazine.*

Epitome of the Times.

We understand that the Northern Liberty Hose Company, have established a Library and reading room for the accommodation of the members of the Company and of other subscribers. We are rejoiced to see the attention of our Firemen directed to this object. Nothing can in a greater degree tend to elevate their character, and extend their usefulness, both individually and as a body. We should rejoice to see so excellent and praiseworthy an example followed by the Fire Companies of Philadelphia generally.

The workmen in the Coal Yards continue to "stand out." They contend that ten hours per day is long enough to work during the summer season.

We are writing at this moment, says the editor of the Bangor Whig, with a quill taken from the wing of a fishhawk, which was shot at Buckspot the other day, by Mr. J. McLaughlin, at a distance of seventy yards, with a pistol, the barrel of which was only six inches in length. The bird measured six feet and a half between the extremities of the wings.

Austin Sherman, a Director in the Mechanics' Bank of Paterson, which failed disastrously a year or two since, has been convicted at Newark, on an indictment for a misdemeanor in *overdrawing the Bank*, and sentenced to the *State Prison* for three years! There must have been some strong circumstances in the case, from which *fraud* was inferred, to induce such a punishment for such an offence.

Warnings to Passionate People.—We have heard of persons dying in a fit of passion, but we never saw an illustration of it until Saturday last. A white female, who had long led a life of infamy fell down in one of the streets of this city, on that day, after passing through a storm of the passions, and died in a very short time after being taken to her lodgings. It is supposed a blood vessel was ruptured in her raging fit.

We have since heard of the death of a mulatto woman, on the same day, and from the same cause.—*Richmond Compiler.*

Fanny's Journal.—It having been stated that the money received for the copy right of Mrs. Butler's Journal was to be applied to charitable purposes, Bliss—who belongs to the Fuss-y tribe; and is the standing wag of the Boston press—wishes to know (in the Galaxy) if the said money is to be applied to the endowment of a *Lying-in-Hospital*.

"A quotation aptly expressed, is as good as an original thought." We never met with a more forcible argument in favor of that thesis than the following, from Brook's Winchester Republican:

Hope *withers* fled and *mazes* sighed farewell!"

An advertiser in Virginia offers a reward for the apprehension of a mulatto, named Hope Wilhelm, who has practically illustrated the line at the head of this paragraph by obequitulating bodyaceously.

An ingenious mechanic of Wayne county, New York, has invented what was long a desideratum, a Mortising Machine, which penetrates and cuts out from the hardest timber cavities of an inch depth in a second of time; also mortices carriage hubs complete in the space of five minutes. It is patented.

A law was passed at the recent Session of the New York Legislature, providing that hereafter no convict shall be *taught* any mechanical trade in the Prison, except for the making of those articles the chief supply of which is imported from foreign countries. Convicts acquainted with mechanical trades when they enter the Prison, can still pursue them, without infringing upon the present law.

Science.—It is stated in the Fredericksburg Arena, that a man named Carrick, for sometime a resident of that town, put a period to his existence a few days since, at the boarding house of Capt Geo. Parrott, by taking a dose of Prussic Acid. The deceased, it is added, was from Philadelphia, where he has left a son and daughter, and where his connections are said to respectable.

The President, it is said, has renounced his first purpose of going to Tennessee this summer, and will pass the hot months, instead, at the *Rip Raps*, where the sea air and sea bathing will, it is hoped, reinvigorate his system.

Upwards of thirty-eight thousand copies of Miss Reed's book, "Six Months in a Convent," have been sold by the publishers. The Reply of the Lady Superior is "going off" with equal rapidity.

The Cholera.—The New Orleans *True American* of the 8th inst. announces the appearance of this fatal disease in New Orleans. The number of cases on the 7th inst. are estimated at from fifteen to twenty. It is attributed to the filthy condition of the city.

The two blacks, who were recently convicted on their own confession in Alabama, of murdering two white children, a boy and a girl, were sentenced to be burnt to death, and the execution in that awful form immediately took place.

A Family Complaint.—Major Noah, of the New York Star, says—My great-grand-father, at the age of ninety-six, had a constant disposition to make love to all the handsome market women."

And we should not wonder, with the good portly looks and pleasant disposition of the great-grand-son, if he should be called in to share the rich indemnity of what was taken from the great-grand father.

A new kind of pen made of turtle shell has been introduced into this country.

The New Orleans Bee says, the coffee plant and tea shrub are known to grow wild in that state but unfortunately our planters have not either time or taste to attend to their cultivation.

In the anniversary address of Professor Tucker, before the Virginia Historical Society, the following singular fact is mentioned, as connected with the History of Virginia:

"In the year 1614, lawyers were forbidden to take any fees whatever, and in 1658 *they were excluded from the Legislature !!!*" For this uncourteous act, it must be confessed that their descendants have made the *amende honorable*.

Cooper's new novel, "The Mannikina," is announced in the London papers as "in press, and shortly to be published."

Contractors of buildings in New York have, in consequence of the strike among the stone cutters, determined to use cast iron lintels and sills. They are, it is said, cheaper and better.

Ohio.—The Governor of Ohio has summoned the legislature of that state to meet at Columbus, on the 8th of June.

The Ohio and Michigan war is quieted for the present. It is almost a pity that they were not permitted to give each other a good thrashing. It might have done them good.

What next?—An establishment has been fitted up in New York where Champagne is sold by the glass, being drawn from a reservoir in the same manner as Soda Water.

The Georgian says, that a lad in Savannah at a late examination of the schools, was asked by one of the committee, how many Continents there were—"*Six*," was his ready answer—"Europe, Asia, Africa, America, New Holland, and *South Carolina*." So much for Nullification!

Editors in Clover.—We cut the following which is going the rounds in our papers:—"The veteran Barnum treated the Baltimore editors on Saturday last, with turtle soup and green peas. This will keep his house in pickle for at least a twelvemonth."

The mechanics at work at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, recently applied to the Navy Commissioners to have their working hours, now being from sunrise to sunset, altered to ten hours a day only. The Board refused to comply with the request on the ground that compliance would be injurious to the public interest.

The new corporation of New York have turned two hundred Whig officers out "at one fell swoop."

Large Fleece.—Mr. James Hall, of Macedon, yesterday took from a single sheep of his flock, a fleece weighing 7¼ lbs. The sheep is of the Merino breed.

Havana.—All accounts agree in representing the administration of the new Governor Tacon as characterised by extraordinary energy, probity, and untiring assiduity in the correction of abuses. He has already, it is said, made the streets of Havana as safe at night for those who may chance to be out, as those of New-York.

The Canals.—We learn from the Albany Argus, that the receipts for tolls on the State Canals, from the 15th April to the 14th instant, (30 days,) have been $216,602 83, averaging $8,220, per day. This is $51,580 more than was received up to the same time in 1831. It costs from $1,500 to $2000 per day to pay for superintending the canals and keeping them in repair. An expenditure of about $100,000 is required for the Spring repairs and getting the canals ready for navigation.

The citizens of Augusta (Me.) have formed a Tree-planting society. The Portland Advertiser proposes to organize one in that city also, and the Concord, (N. H.) Courier suggests the expediency of forming companies of young men in each town in the State, who should pledge themselves to plant on the road sides five hundred trees a year for twenty years to come.

The number of Attorneys and Counsellors at Law in the state of New York, was in 1820, according to Williams' Register, 1248; in 1830, 1688; in 1834, 2084; in 1835, 2092.

The number of Physicians in the state, according to the same authority, is 2650.

The rank and file of the Militia of this state comprises 186,212 men, viz: horse artillery, 1275; cavalry, 7815; artillery, 11,396; infantry, light infantry, and riflemen, 163,301; fifty companies of artillery attached to infantry permanently or for inspection, 3,019.

A fire broke out on Tuesday morning in No. 446 Brown street, New York, which communicated to several adjoining houses and resulted in the destruction of $10,000 worth of property.

Private letters from New Orleans, under date of the 9th inst. state that the Cholera was raging there with great violence. One gentleman who arrived there on the 1st inst. with eighteen slaves, lost eight of the number in a single week by the fatal scourge.

A Frenchman of some distinction lately attempted in a provincial town of France to pull out his wife's tongue. Not being able to succeed in doing it with his fingers, he armed himself with a razor, which however the wife was fortunate enough to wrest from his hand. Her cries brought in the neighbours, who seized and confined the monster.

The N. York Evening Post charges Com. Creighton with cruelty to his subordinates. The accusation is urged with bitterness and the editor alleges that it can be sustained by the evidence of some of the most respectable officers in the Navy.

A comfortable prescription.—Mint Julip, a celebrated compound, a native, we believe highly popular, invention, is recommended at New Orleans for the Cholera. It is remarked by some of the papers that the recommendation was supererogatory as it is taken "in the natural way."

It is said that the Jackson majority in the next House of Representatives, will be forty-seven. In the Senate, there will be a tie.

The Albany Journal of Saturday evening says, the Steam Boat Albany, Capt. Jenkins, on her passage to New York, near Catskill, broke her engine "all to pieces." The 2d Engineer was slightly injured. The Pilot, finding the cold iron whizzing about his head, jumped from the wheel to the forward deck. The North America, Capt. Lathrop, has taken the Albany's place in the Day Line.

The steam planing establishment at Wilmington, N. C., owned by A. Lazarus, was consumed by fire on the 2d ult., which was nearly covered by insurance.

Interments in the city of Boston, for the last week, 36. Diseases, consumption 5; old age 4, &c.

Lehigh Coal Trade.—During the week ending the 21st inst. 98 boats, carrying 3,876 tons of coal cleared at Mauch Chunk. Former report, 427 boats, and 15,797 tons. Total this season—515 boats, carrying 19,673 tons.

The steam packet David Brown, which arrived on Wednesday morning from Norfolk, (Va.) brought a large quantity of fine strawberries, cherries and green peas, (a choice collection of delicacies) for the New York market.—*N. Y. Star.*

The Hudson.—This noble river is the greatest thoroughfare, beyond all doubt, on our continent, and bids fair to rival the approach to Canton. The increase of passengers this season, is said to be beyond all precedent. Those that travel in the cheap lines, must have a precious time of it.

A negro woman, 151 years old, is exhibited at the Louisville Museum. She has been blind for 70 years.

The editor of the Grand Gulf (Miss.) Advertiser, has a description of a *real* Kentucky giant who visited that place a short time ago. His height was *seven feet three inches*; his weight 225 pounds, and his age 21 years. His residence is near Louisville.

An extensive manufactory of counterfeit pistareens has been discovered in New York. A colored man has been apprehended, in whose possession were found 3000 of them. The manufacturer's price was ten cents each.

In the cathedral of Lisbon, a hidden treasure has been found: it is a chest of silver coin worth £200,000. The Sultan has emancipated the Jews. Is Turkey more enlightened than England?

Cheap Cure for the Fever.—A German doctor, during twenty-five years' practice, has never failed to cure intermittent fever, by strictly and literally starving his patients for three whole days. He allows them only a little water; and after the *last*, accustoms them to food gradually.

Abduction.—A reward is offered in the Lowell Journal, for the apprehension of a lady who has stolen a horse and chaise. She hired it to go to Andover, and has not since been heard of.—The description given of her person is remarkably definite, and cannot fail to lead to her apprehension. The advertisement says "she is rather short, and wears a bonnet trimmed with black ribbons."

The Boston Mercantile Journal considers the codfish—and living so near Newfoundland, he ought to know—the most voracious, unconscionable gourmand of the finny tribe. A passenger near the banks, he says, dropped his watch in the sea; a fisherman soon after caught a cod with the watch chain and seals, all in his maw. Nothing comes amiss—his olfactories must be very small; its all the same to him, chalk or cheese, crabs or cauliflower. He is none of your dainty epicures—yet, what a delicious morsel his flesh is to a real epicure!

The Wheat Crop in Virginia.—It is admitted will, from the effect of the severe winter and fly combined, be one-third less than last year. Col. Taylor advises to put in as large a crop of corn as possible, as this indigenous, invaluable grain of our country, is, as he justly says, "meal, meat and manure."

The editor of the Augusta Chronicle, says, he "will take the risk of remittances by mail," for what is due to his paper; but his subscribers won't let him!

Report of interments in the city of Baltimore, for the last week—Males 11; Females 12—23. Of which number 7 were colored persons, 5 free, 2 slaves. Diseases, consumption 5, &c.

Starring.—On Thursday, Robert Todd, who had been sentenced to the Penitentiary for six months on the 27th May last, for a violent assault and battery on his wife, Hannah, and who contrived to escape from Blackwell's Island on the 20th of the following June, was again found guilty of an outrageous attack upon her house in Commerce street, with a knife, with which he cut her in the forehead, and inflicting also an ugly wound in the right cheek. He was arrested by T. M. Tompson and J. King, on a warrant issued out of the Upper Police Court, was brought up before Justice Palmer, who ordered him to be returned to the Penitentiary to serve out the remaining five months of his term, previous to being tried for this new act of violence.—*Ib.*

Tuning Jewsharps.—A man advertises in a Connecticut paper his intention of forming a class of pupils for instruction in the art of playing on the violin, and adds to his advertisement the important information that he will "tune Jewsharps on the most approved Boston plan."

The Bostonian exquisites are "pretty considerably stuck up" with a pattern of "satin bosoms," which they have just got out from Paris.

Soubriquets.—Kentuckians are, in western parlance, called "Corn-Crackers"—the Indianians, "Hoosiers"—the Ohioans, "Buckey

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Hick-man, publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1835.

ASHES.....			New Orleans,	221	34
Pot,	cwt	3 00	Rappahannock,	47	49
Pearl,		4 50 7 00	do. N. York,	49	50
BEESWAX.....			do. Philad.	43	47
Tub,	lb	21	do. Steam,	46	50
Extra No. 1		10 11	Trinidad,	30	31
No. 1		10 11	Porto Rico,	31	33
No. 2		8 9	English French Isl	25	26
COAL.....			Isle of Navassa,	16	18
Lehigh,	ton	4 50 4 75	MACKEREL		
Schuylkill,		4 50 4 75	No. 1,	bbl	2 75
COFFEE...Duty, free.....			No. 2,		6 37½
Java,		1 24 14	No. 3,		3 62½
St. Domingo,		11 12	OIL.....		
Porto Rico,		12 13	Linseed, Am. from		
Cuba,		11½ 13	store,	1 15	1 16
Maracaibo		11 12½	do. Dutch,		1 10
Laguayra,		12½ 13	Whale,	gal.	40 43
Jamaica,			Sperm, winter,		95 1 00
Rio,		12½ 13½	do. summer,		85 90
COTTON...Duty 3 cts per lb.			PLASTER PARIS		
Louisiana,		11½ 12	in Orleans, ton		4 25
Mobile,		10½ 11	in Schuylkill,		2 37
N. Ala. and Ten.		11½ 12½	REEDS.....		
N.C. and Geo.		12½ 13	Flower, brush		3 25 4 50
N.O. and Mo.		12½ 13	Flaxseed, rough,		1 90 1 92
FREIGHTS.....			do. clean, cask		
To Pittsburgh, personal,			Timothy,	bbls	1 50 2 75
100 lbs	1 12½	1 87½	Herds,	bush	
Wheeling, or any			Red clover,		2 00
FLOUR and MEAL.....			WHISKEY		
Pomfret,	bbl	5 75	Rye in bbls		32½
Fox,		5 50	do. hhds		33½
Rye,		4 50 4 81½	do. from wagons		33
Middling,			WOOL.....		
Corn meal,		3 75 4 00	Prime, Saxony fleece		
do. to hhds.		16 00	do.	lb	50 65
GRAIN.....			Am. wash. full'd		40 45
Rye	bush	87 90	do. unwashed		30 35
Rye, Southern,		85 86	do. pulled		37 40
Wheat, Pennsylv.		1 08 1 12	do. and com.		25 28
do. South. bush.		1 02 1 05	Am. unwash. full	28½	33
Corn, L. C. white,		57 58	do. pulled,		23
do. L. C. yellow,		61	do. blood,		30
do. U. C. round,		85 86	do. and com.		16
Oats, Pennsylv.		45 50	Super. pulled lamb,		37 42
Southern,		44	do.		40 44
Barley, Eastern,		59 60	No. 1, 2 do.		30 35
do. Pennsyl.		59 68	No. 1 do.		20 23
HOPS.....			Saxony, clean,		
Import, 1834...lbs		15 18	Merino sheep, B. F. & B.		
MOLASSES.....			do. lambs,		75 1 00

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, May 30, 1835.

☞ Look at the Terms on the last page—*There has been no change in them for many years past*

☞ Mr. William B. Dunn, has been appointed one of our collectors for the city and vicinity, in the place of James S. Farmer, resigned.

We receive, every week, a great many letters ordering the Post to be sent to certain places, the writers stating that they will pay at the end of the year. Were we to take all the subscribers who offer, our list would increase by thousands, instead of hundreds, and we should soon be swamped with a heavy list of non-paying "patrons." We prefer having a limited number of good subscribers to an unlimited number of bad ones, and though we are at all times pleased to extend our circulation, we only wish to do so among that class of citizens who deem the labourer worthy of his reward. Our test in relation to a good subscriber is a very simple one—*send the money in advance!*

Daniel Bills, late of Cranberry, N. J., after kindly *patronizing* us for three years past, has left that place on a pedding expedition, leaving us minus his subscription, which by overnight was continued that unreasonable length of time. Our readers, in the upper part of Jersey, who may meet him, are requested to *politely* inform him of the policy of always "*paying the printer,*" before he journeys to parts unknown, 68 will be accepted as full payment.

The story of the Queen Semiramis, on our first page, conveys an *excellent moral.* Ingratitude for favors received is a monstrous crime, and one that is much too prevalent.

The "Last Day of Sodom," continues to draw well filled houses of our most respectable citizens.—This exhibition is daily growing in public favor.

At the solicitation of a number of persons who have been prevented from attending the astonishing spectacle of the "Conflagration of Moscow," the proprietor has requested us to state, that it will continue at the American Museum, for one week longer. An engagement in our northerly sister city, will positively prevent its remaining open here beyond Saturday next, the 6th June. There will be three afternoon exhibitions during the week.

Joseph Blunden, under sentence of death for murder, in the jail at Doylestown, Pa., has been further respited until the 14th of August. He made an unsuccessful attempt to escape from prison on Sunday last.

The late news from France, in relation to the Indemnity Bill, reached this city from New York on Tuesday last, by express, several hours in advance of the regular mail. Heavy speculations in stocks took place among the knowing ones, and large sales were made at the Board of Brokers.

Upwards of one thousand dollars were realized from the late ball in this city, in aid of the orphans of St. John's Asylum.

The jury in the case of Drew against the Mayor of the city, for the recovery of a sum of money taken from him, under a belief that it was obtained on forged checks, have been unable to agree upon a verdict. The trial lasted ten days. The jury have been discharged, and a new trial will take place immediately.

The seventh annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, will be held at the Masonic Hall, in this city, on the 10th and 11th of June, prox.

The western part of our city is rapidly increasing in population, owing to the many families that are almost daily moving from the eastern section. Beyond Broad street all appearances indicate a newly built city, and most of the houses present a neat, convenient and fashionable front. Rents are lower there, than elsewhere, and those who are not obliged to reside near their business, find a western location in all respects agreeable. We are pleased to notice that a large number of convenient two-story houses, suitable for small families, have lately been erected. These cannot fail to pay a heavy interest to the owners, as well as materially accommodate a numerous class of citizens.

The Rev. Dr. Channing, of Boston, is now on a visit to this city. He preached on last Sunday and the Sunday previous, in the Unitarian Church, in Locust street. On both occasions the house was crowded by our most respectable and intelligent citizens. His discourse on Sunday last, was on the natural disposition of the human heart to worship an Almighty power, and it was one of the most interesting and eloquent sermons we ever listened to. Dr. Channing is a man of education and refinement, and his compositions and discourses are invariably chaste, learned and powerful in argument.

We notice that the Mountain House, perched on the cliffs of Catskill Mountain, N. York, has been taken for the approaching summer by Mr. Charles F. Rice, now connected with the National Hotel, Broadway. Mr. Rice is well spoken of in New York, and we trust, in locating himself on the Catskill, he has made such arrangements as will enable him to serve travellers at a more reasonable rate than his predecessor, who charged about three prices for all refreshments. The Mountain House is a delightful place for a short sojourn, and the valetudinarian should not fail to stop, if only to breathe a little of the pure mountain air, and hold a short dialogue with negro Peter, the Philosopher, who conveys travellers to the falls. *Peter* is decidedly an original, and by no means the smallest attraction of the place.

Bicknell's Geographic Chart, to which we referred a week or two since, contains, on close inspection, a great variety of useful information, compressed in a small space. Among the principal items we may mention the following. A geographical description of North and South America, and islands—a description of Europe, Asia, Africa and Islands, maps of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres—the Constitution of the United States—the Canals, rail-roads, post roads and navies of the United States and other countries—the principal rivers of the Globe—varieties of the human species—Religious denominations in the United States—Table of distances in the United States, and other useful Statistical tables. All these are in addition to the revolving circles, which furnish a particular and satisfactory geographical description of the several States.

The price of this chart is only five dollars. It may be obtained of Mr. Weeks, 34 north Fourth street.

The war between the governments of Ohio and Michigan, has ceased for the present, the Governor of Ohio having disbanded his little army of raw recruits, for the purpose of obtaining an expression of opinion from the Legislature, which will convene early in June. The quarrel, as our readers are no doubt aware, relates to the boundary line of Ohio. The state of Ohio contends, says a correspondent of the Wheeling Gazette, that the line should extend as far north as North Cape, which would throw the mouth of the Maumee within her limits. If this is effected the canal will proceed to the lake, and there will spring up the greatest city, probably, in the west. In the belief the land has been bought up by speculators. On the other hand, should the present line be fixed as the permanent one, the canal will stop short of the lake, and may not be continued by Michigan to it. Thus, then, is the cause of all the difficulty; the selfish aims of avaricious adventurers. It is no matter of surprise that they should endeavor to kindle the elements of strife; but it is surprising that they should succeed to the extent that have done.

In publishing, last week, the Report of the Board of Commissioners, in relation to the proposed improvements in Market street, we should have noticed that a minority report was presented to Councils at the same time, dissenting from one of the recommendations of the Board. The exception is in relation to a temporary route down Eighth street to Walnut, and down Walnut to Dock street, on the ground that great detriment will thereby accrue to the property, both public and private, throughout the whole course of the contemplated temporary route. The minority say—

The public squares fronting on Walnut street will no longer be a safe and pleasant resort for our citizens, especially for the young. Private dwellings must become temporary places for business to the annoyance of families. The scite on which the prison now stands cannot be disposed of for private residences so long as a Rail-way passes in front of it, nor for wards for business, so long as the Walnut street route is merely temporary. In lieu thereof, they beg respectfully to recommend to Councils, to continue a single track on each side of the Market houses from Eighth st. eastward, which may be so laid down as to form the side or branch tracks contemplated throughout the permanent route when the Market houses shall have been removed, thus the whole cost of the temporary way will be saved to the city. In all other parts of the report they fully concur.

A report from Mr. Strickland, architect, accompanies the report of the Commissioners, which is highly favorable to the project. It appears that the ascents and descents of the east and west streets do not exceed fourteen inches in one hundred feet, except in Walnut and Chesnut streets, and in the immediate rise from the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, at all these streets. Mr. Strickland remarks that,

The idea of forming Tram-Ways, was suggested by several gentlemen some time ago, as an expedient to get rid of any interference with the passage of ordinary wagons and market carts in the immediate vicinity of the market houses, thereby making this great avenue equally eligible to all kinds of travelling and trade. However desirable this object may be, and the introduction of Tram-Ways would be the best means of promoting and keeping up the present intercourse without much interruption, it is beyond the means afforded, either by Tram or Rail-Ways, to carry into effect the great object of the merchants and traders in the conveyance of goods and merchandize along Market street, while the present Market houses are permitted to occupy this street.

Take down the market houses and the whole course is clear for a permanent and useful continuation of the Broad street Rail-Way from river to river. The business of Market street has increased to such an amount as to demand this sacrifice, if it can be properly so called; at any rate, I believe, there are very few of our fellow-citizens who are not strongly impressed with the conviction that these buildings are a serious obstacle to the city's interest in her daily increasing trade to the West.

The establishment of market places elsewhere, by an ordinance of Councils, with the consent of owners of property at a fair valuation for damages in particular places, would undoubtedly have the effect to increase the value of all the ground fronting on the market places, and this increase of value would, in every instance, be a full equivalent for the surrender of a few feet to this object, and for the re-construction of the buildings fronting thereon.

Under this estimate, however, the Board of Commissioners may form a better calculation than I can now pretend to; there is one fact very clear, that is, if the existence of market houses in Market street has had anything to do with enhancing the value of property on that street, it is fair to suppose that their existence any where else would have the same effect; in all which calculations, I take it for granted, that their removal from Market street would, at this period of its abundant trade, secure great facilities to the prosperity of the city by affording a free and uninterrupted passage of the Rail Way from Broad street to the ware-houses on this street, and along the wharves of the Delaware front.

In the event of the removal of the market houses, it is proposed to curve the Broad street Rail-way into Market street with four separate tracks, two tracks six feet apart on the centre or crown of the street, and two tracks, one of which is to be laid within five feet of the curb stone, on each side of the way. The foot pavements to be increased five feet more in width. The rails to be edge rails of the usual construction, made of wrought iron, and fixed by chains upon stone blocks, at the distance of three feet apart; the top of the rail to be level with the pebble pavement of the street. The whole cost of this work is estimated at $270,000.

There have lately been several runs on the Schuylkill front of this city. A large portion of the coal labourers have made a strike, and asserted their determination to work only ten hours per day. Those who refuse to act with them they treat with open violence. All labour is suspended, and there are now no less than seventy-five vessels waiting for freight. The employers have held a meeting and resolved not to accede to the workmen; they offer $1 per day for labourers to work from sunrise to sunset, allowing one hour for breakfast and two hours for dinner.

Cholera in New Orleans.—The New Orleans papers reluctantly admit that the Cholera has re-appeared in that city. According to the Bee of the ninth, about one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty deaths had occurred during the previous sixteen days. A majority of the victims were strangers in the city.

Pirates Captured.—It is stated that a piratical vessel from Port Praya, stopped at Norfolk a few days since, and was immediately seized by the Spanish Consul, who the day before had received official information of the atrocities committed at that place.

The officers were lodged in prison, and the crew, upwards of one hundred in number, put in irons on board their own vessel. It is stated that the consort of the pirate is cruising in the vicinity of Norfolk, awaiting the result of the visit of her companion.

There is in Bucks county, a Female Temperance Society, on the principal of total abstinence.

We would call the attention of such of our subscribers as are members of the Society of Friends, and others who are interested, to the advertisement of Isaac T. Hopper, of N. York, announcing the publication of a work, which cannot fail to be a subject of interest to both branches of this very respectable Society.

The National Convention which assembled in Baltimore last week, adjourned on Friday last, after nominating Martin Van Buren, for the Presidency, and Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, for the Vice Presidency. The vote for Mr. Van Buren was unanimous—for the Vice Presidency, Mr. Johnson received 178 votes, and Mr. Rives, of Virginia, 87 votes. The question in relation to the claims of the delegates from this State, was not definitely settled. Both delegations were received, but every attempt to recognise either as the *exclusive* representatives of the State, was defeated. The convention recommended however, that to give all possible effect to the nominations, electoral tickets be *hereafter* formed; and an amendment, proposing that the recommendation should not apply to those States in which electoral tickets have already been nominated, was defeated.

Some dissatisfaction was expressed by the Virginia delegation at the nomination of Mr. Johnson, on the ground of his being favorable to the Bank. This allegation, however, was positively contradicted and the convention refused to reconsider the choice.

March of Intellect.—A correspondent communicates the annexed precious scrap of orthographical excellence, as a proof of the March of Intellect in Pennsylvania. It is a literal copy of a note sent by a man who styles himself a *Doctor*, in Dauphin county, to an apothecary in Jonestown, asking for six cents worth of harts-horn.

"Mr. fourmer if you Have eany me for A fpenyst worth hartshorn with the mails wen she returneed back. Dr. ——

We should be glad to know whether the worthy Doctor is not a zealous opponent of the School Bill.

The last public execution that can take place under the laws of the state of New York, was at Mayenille, on the 15th. Joseph Damon was hanged for the murder of his wife. The rope slipped from the top of the scaffold, and he fell to the ground. He insisted that he was deranged when the murder was committed.

From the Rochester Democrat.

The Sheep Dog Tartar.—Some time last fall a strange dog commenced depredations among the sheep in Avon, destroying some nights between 30 and 40. He soon became the terror of the town, and various measures were resorted to by individuals to destroy him, but without effect. To such an extent were his depredations carried, that at last the people turned out *en masse* and drove him from the town; but not however, until he had killed between three and four hundred sheep,—recently sucking the blood and seldom feasting upon the carcases.

He was next heard of in the vicinity of Pine Hill, Genesee county, last winter, where rising of one hundred sheep became his victims. From that place, as at Avon, the people, before getting rid of him, were obliged to make a general turn-out. The dog was driven into Bergen, and in that town and this, (Rigs) he has within the last two or three months, destroyed over three hundred sheep and lambs, having been alternately driven from one town to the other.

Although the dog has been hunted by various individuals, [the army often assembled to hundreds] since he took up his unwelcome residence in the town last named, and notwithstanding some of the best marksmen in these towns, as well as those where he has pursued his work of death for six months past, have made frequent shots at him, he has never to our knowledge, asked for quarter, nor was he finally conquered until this evening. It was yesterday determined to make a general assault upon this enemy and take him if possible; and a reward of $20 having been previously offered by subscription, for his scalp, about two hundred persons belonging to this town and to Bergen, headed by General, Major, Colonel, Captains, and other necessary officers, took up their line of march to-day, for the south part of this town, where he had last been seen, and about noon roused and drove him into what is called Adam's swamp, which was immediately surrounded; dogs were sent in to drive him out; and about six o'clock he emerged from the woods; and in crossing the road leading from Mr. Adam's to Buel's Corners, was shot through the heart by Roswell Parish, Jun., of this town, a lad aged about seventeen years.

By the blowing of horns, and firing of guns the company was soon congregated—the fallen foe was placed in a wagon—the company were formed into a double line, at the head of which, as a mark of honor, was placed the fortunate young marksman.—The procession then marched to Rigs corners, where the dog was hung up by the neck, and a general salute fired—after which they proceeded to Bergen corners, where they took the skin from the dog and stuffed it.

Vaccination.—The following important information deserves universal circulation throughout our country, to convince the sceptical of the absolute efficacy of vaccination, and the falsity of those surmises that have been industriously circulated against this great preventive of small-pox. As vaccination goes thus progressively onward in its march it will, we may hope, finally extinguish and completely eradicate the small-pox virus, and with it, it is our opinion the hyeral modification of the varioloid, will also cease to exist.

National Vaccine Institution.—The report of this institution is just published. It appears from it that the deaths by small-pox in London last year were only 334 a number less by at least 4,000 than the annual average of deaths by that disorder before vaccination was discovered, though the population of the metropolis was then more than one-fourth less than its present amount. The application to this institution for vaccinating material, last year, were 42 from the navy, 34 from the army, 53 from foreign stations, and 107 from provincial dispensaries. There were vaccinated last year at the institution 11,571 poor persons; and 83,101 charges of lymph were sent out.

Emigration in the right quarter.—The tide of emigration has at last taken the right turn and extended to the tender sex. It is known that the predominance of the female over the male sex in Massachusetts is astonishingly great. In many towns the proportion is two to one, and in the whole State the excess is more than 14,000. The sphere of woman's usefulness, of course, must be much circumscribed here; whereas, at the West, whither our young and energetic male population is going, in every department of female industry she can become eminently useful. Teachers are needed in schools—domestic companions are wanted by the young men, and more female industry is an urgent demand in the far West. We are pleased to learn therefore, that a company of industrious, capable, and intelligent young women are about to start from this town to the great West. They go out under the protection of a gentleman, and we are sure they will be welcomed with as much joy there as was the cargo of young women brought to our shores in the early settlement of this country. A wide field of usefulness and industry, and means of doing great good, are spread out before them, and although we don't like to have them indulge in many visionary speculations, yet for a six pence apiece, we would ensure them husbands.—*Northampton Courier.*

Forgery.—A young man, twenty-three years old, was arrested in Louisville, on the 8th instant, charged with having forged a draft for three thousand dollars, on the Union Bank of that city, purporting to be drawn by the Decatur Bank of Alabama. He presented it for exchange at the Clinton Bank in Columbus, Ohio, and obtained the money. The forger, who passed by the names of Lyman, Wilson, and Ludlow, at different places, but whose real name is supposed to be Ludlow, was on the point of being married to a highly respectable young lady of Louisville, and was arrested in her father's house. His wedding in Louisville, previous to this occurrence, was very respectable, and the utmost astonishment was excited by the discovery.

Fifteen hundred dollars of the money was found on his person; the remainder he had expended in the purchase of elegant furniture, at Cincinnati. He represents himself as belonging to an opulent family in Charleston, S.C.

The New York Courier says—"A great scarcity of money had for some days before the date of our last papers, been experienced in London." We once heard Mr. Gorham, of Massachusetts, in a speech in Congress, make this remark—"Mr. Speaker—the barometer of the currency of the United States, hangs up in the Stock Exchange of London." There was much truth in this observation, and should the scarcity spoken of be of long duration, we shall most assuredly feel its effects. As money in London becomes scarce, it of course becomes more valuable, and as it becomes more valuable, the price of bills on London in the United States will rise. This rise, when it shall reach a certain point, will exceed the expense of transmitting coin, and an exportation of the precious metals will then take place. This exportation, creating a demand upon the banks for gold and silver will oblige them to curtail their discounts, and the effect of such a measure every one is acquainted with. It would be prudent in all large dealers to keep their eye upon the London barometer.

Wives taken in Exchange for Tobacco.—It is stated in Marshall's Life of Washington, that in the settlement of Virginia, some three or four hundred young ladies, all "virgins, chaste and fair," were transported from England to that colony, and sold to the young planters as wives, for one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco each. If any young man was unable to pay in advance, this inconsiderable price for his companion, he was most generously credited until he could plant, make and gather his crop. It is likewise stated that this debt was considered a debt of honor by the young planters, and therefore paid in preference to all others. We doubt very much whether the *fair* bargains can be had on as liberal terms at the present day. There is one thing, however, in the exchange of the two commercial products of the old and new worlds, which we do not think altogether correct. It surely does not comport with our notions of justice and equity, to exact the same price for a bad wife that is paid for a good one. As it regards the propriety of such a rule, in 1620, we can only speak conjecturally; but, to our knowledge, there is a difference of more than one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco in wives now-a-days.—*N. C. Mesenger.*

The way to do things in Brazil.—The Baltimore Patriot has an interesting letter from an intelligent gentleman long resident at Rio Janeiro. "Justice is lame as well as blind" it would seem among the Brazilians. The Judge of "findings and losings" is one of the most extraordinary functionaries we ever heard of. Read:—

The special courts, or Judges, are—of civil cases, criminal cases, orphans, in all which there is great corruption, and no class of people are more unpopular than the Judges. Justice to be obtained must be suborned. The goddess is, in this country, a lady at easy virtue, and freely admits the caresses of the high bred and the vulgar, without scruple or shame: all offer sacrifices at her shrine and pollute themselves by her worship—priests and laymen—lawyer and client—legislators and people—regents and ministers.

It is the next to impossible to recover a debt by law, but through bribery, if a debtor has money or patronage, and refuses to pay. Even payment of a note of hand acknowledged, and the drawer possessed of property, it is difficult to force in law, and generally takes years to accomplish, yet to the praise of the people, be it said, it is not often necessary to enter this foul temple for the purpose, if the party is able to pay; perhaps the greatest injustice occurs in the Orphan's Court. As a curious instance of human folly, I will name to you a singular Court, or rather judicial appointment, on the person of a single Judge; he is a Judge of "findings and losings" with whom any thing which may be found in a street or elsewhere must be deposited. The loser, before he can recover his property, must have *three* witnesses to swear they saw the finder him lose it, and *three* others that they saw the finder pick it up; otherwise it remains on deposit, and the Judge may keep records or not. A few years since a friend of mine found in the street a bank note of 400 milreas. The owner claimed it of him; proved his right satisfactorily, and received the identical bank notes;—the Judge of "findings and losings" heard of the circumstance; sent for the finder; asked a statement of the case, which the latter subsequently related—the Judge praised his honorable conduct, and was punctiliously polite; the next day, however, he issued an order for the deposit of the money found, and because it was disregarded, the finder, a respectable foreign merchant, was arrested in the street, and sent to prison, to be confined with common criminals—the jailor having private apartments for those who could pay for them, he became his guest, and was preserved from the disgust of being a close prisoner and companion of degraded and depraved wretches; but before he could regain his liberty, he had to pay the amount found, a forfeiture of a like sum, the jailor's fees, &c.

The individuals of the Ohio surveying party who were captured by the Michiganians, have all been released on bail, except a Mr. Fletcher, who would not even plead or give bail.

Communication.

We are informed that the new benevolent institution, called the Six-per-Cent-Savings-Bank, has been organized this week, after an election of trustees, and will begin permanent business on Monday next, the 1st of June, 1835, at the temporary office, No. 110 North Tenth street; but it will soon be removed to a more central position.

This institution is not a bank of discount, as some have erroneously supposed: it is to be a bank of Deposits and Investments, like the Savings Banks of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Prussia, Denmark, Boston, New York, Maryland, and the Savings Fund Society of Philadelphia, but with many additional benefits and facilities, such as giving six per cent interest on long deposits, making the deposits transferable—making profitable and secure investments, &c. The badge of this institution is to be *Safety, Utility and Profit.* It will be safer than any other which undertakes discounts; never subject to any run nor losses by failures. It has besides, a fair capital of its own to begin with, of $50,000; which is to be gradually increased by admitting depositors to invest and share the profits after five years, until the capital reaches five millions of dollars.

The office will be open, per ten. every Monday and Wednesday, from 10 till 2 o'clock; but afterwards daily, when the business increases. Tenders of deposits and well secured loans will be received from the 1st of June; but few accepted till the arrangements are completed: yet the first offers and demands on file, will be entitled to preference in all cases.

Communication.

The Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, will hold its Seventh Annual Exhibition at the Masonic Hall, Chesnut street, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 10th and 11th of June. The Committee charged with the preparatory arrangements, solicit contributions in Fruits, Flowers, or Culinary Vegetables, as all are embraced in the intended Exhibition; and specimens of either, of a quality meriting distinction, will be thankfully received and publicly acknowledged. When transmitted from a distance, by public conveyance, the Society will cheerfully defray the cost of transportation. They may be addressed to Messrs. D. & C. Landreth, at their Seed Warehouse, No. 85 Chesnut street.

To prevent confusion, it will be necessary to present all but the Bouquets on Tuesday the 9th; the latter may be furnished on the mornings of the days of exhibition.

John B. Smith,	Robert Buist,
D. Landreth, Jr.	William Chalmers,
Daniel Maftay,	Andrew Drybrugh,
Robert Carr,	John McAran,
	Committee of Arrangements.

[by request.]

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Looking over "An Evening at Neil's," Mr. Editor, my risible faculties were highly excited by Mr. Squibb's asserting that "Fanny wars not with sparrows." Surely thought I, from the American graces, some bird may at least care to warble in admiration of her refined and pithy "illustrations," and imitating the fair Desdemona herself, tenderly breathe out "'tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful," that the daughters of Columbia can boast of no higher elevation than that which is imparted by the nursery, by housewifery, or by the adoption of French, and I may add fantastic English fashions. I hope Mr. Squibb will not take offence at a *reflection* which suggested the following lines:

As pilgrims at Loretto's shrine
Their offerings to their lady pay;
So Fanny, all of praise was thine,
When at thy feet we sung our lay.
Yes Butler thou, with keenest wit,
Irony's rifle-ball hath shot!
But Yankee guns are known to hit—
* * * Peckenham * * *

Maria Julia.

☞ We suppress the last line for reasons which must be obvious to the writer.—Ed.

New System of Astronomy.—Mr. R. Newman, of Romney, Va., has addressed a communication to the editor of the National Intelligencer, in which he advances several new and bold ideas in relation to the mechanism of the heavens. The following are among the most curious:

1. That the whole of the visible heavens, is moving along around some immense orbit, like motes in the air.

2. That this motion of the sun, like that of the moon and earth together around the sun, gives ellipticity to the orbits of the planets.

3. The moon does not directly elevate the waters under her, but depresses them—thence they recede from this point, and flow from it, and thus form the tides.

4. The sun cannot be 95 million of miles from us, for Mars would then appear no bigger than a star—[i. e. to our eyes, Mr. Newman should have added.]

5. The principal offices of moons is to give rotation to their suns.

6. The distance gained by the earth each day in its orbit over the motion of the sun, is equal to its circumference, whatever may be its extent, and nothing more.

Mr. Newman doubts the infallibility of Newton's gravitation, and thinks the whole system of celestial mechanics wants *recasting*, and to make its laws depend on the sun. He calls upon the Americans to patronize him in his bold hypothesis. If so, he will give his system more at large.

Liverpool, April 25th.

The protracted debate in the French Chamber of Deputies, on the American indemnity bill, was brought to a close on Saturday, when, as we anticipated months ago, the French made a virtue of necessity, and the bill was carried by a majority of *one hundred and fifty-two votes*—there being 299 for, and 147 against it. Every amendment proposed by the opposition (except one) was rejected. After the bill was passed, the opposition proposed, first, that no interest should be paid, and next, that the interest should commence only from the day on which the bill was passed. The Chamber of Deputies negatived them propositions; consequently, the whole sum of 25 millions of francs will be paid, together with full interest from the date of the treaty. The arrears of interest will amount to nearly 5,000,0000. All, therefore, that France has gained by the delay—by the shabby shuffling about the whole business—by the attempted tricking—by the aim at national swindling, amount to this:—first, that the national vanity has been sorely wounded by the threats of the American President; secondly, that the honour of France has been tarnished in the eyes of Europe by this swindling transaction; and, thirdly, that full interest must be paid on the money since the treaty was signed.

All things considered, France comes out of the business in a most pitiful, unenviable manner. It will be a lesson to Louis Philippe for the future. As a salve, however, to the wounded vanity of the nation, the French Ministers have consented to insert an article in the bill to the effect that not a single sous of the debt shall be paid until the government of the United States of America shall apologize to the government of France for the sharp passages in the President's message, respecting the treaty.—The American executive apologize to Louis Philippe and his cabinet! They would as soon eat the treaty as humble themselves in this manner. President Jackson might be inclined to say, "If you insist that you did not mean to play the rogue, then I did not mean to call you a scoundrel;" but this would be an explanation from only one part of the executive, and, consequently incomplete. Such a step as this would require the joint concurrence of the President, the Senate, and the House of Representatives; and, I we know any thing of the Americans, they will never give an apology for having chosen their own way of forcing France into the payment of a just debt.

What will be done? Most the matter stand as it is? No such thing. *France must yield!* The idea of an apology is very good, but that apology will never be made. Mr. Livingston will be received, (his time of office being nearly at an end,) and the French ministry will pretend that this is a virtual acknowledgment by the United States, that their ambassador acted injudiciously! The Americans will get their money, and they merit commendation for the manly manner in which they have asserted their rights.—Cloak the matter as you will, *America has frightened* France into common honesty.—*Liverpool Journal.*

New York.—It is not surprising that the preponderant power of New York in the Union, has excited apprehensions less it might eventually disturb the well regulated balance of our federation and by engrossing all power, become not "the empire state," but *the empire.* Her power and resources are truly magnificent. Her population is more than two millions; her real and personal estate is valued at 500 millions. She has 600 miles of canals and 100 of rail road, in operation; and 120 steamers on her inland waters. Fifteen hundred square rigged vessels annually arrive at New York city. The state has over 26 millions of manufactures and a bank capital of 26 millions. She has 230 miles contemplated canal and 35 millions in new chartered rail road companies. Her military force amounts to near 200,000 men; and her annual endowment for schools is almost 1,300,000 dollars. Perhaps New York would be found at this moment, better able, unassisted, to cope with a foreign power, than were all the colonies united, during the revolution.

Capture of a Spanish Slaver.—A Spanish brig, of three hundred tons, named the Formidable, which had acquired no small notoriety among the British cruizers on the coast of Africa, by her own speed and the boldness and dexterity of the captain, was captured on the 12th of December, off the mouth of the old Calabar river, by his Britannic Majesty's brigantine Buzzard. The action was commenced by the slaver, after a chase of some hours, and was maintained for some time with great spirit on both sides. At length the brigantine ran the slaver on board, and the latter almost immediately surrendered. The captain of the Formidable, an officer of the Spanish navy, behaved with great gallantry, fighting and encouraging his men until disabled by three musket wounds. The captors found on board the prize, seven hundred slaves, and a crew of sixty-two men armed with muskets, pistols and cutlasses. The battery of the slaver was eight guns. Four of the Spaniards were killed, and eleven wounded; of the British, six wounded.

Cato the elder being asked, buried his wife and married a young woman; his son came to him and said, "Sir, in what have I offended, that you have brought a step-mother into your house?" The old man answered, "Nay, quite the contrary son; thou pleasest me so well, that I would be glad to have more such."—*Plutarch.*

The Sun and Moon (i. e. her name) or the 2d daughter of the Sultan, aged 19, is to be married; she is a charming girl, beautiful as a houri, and sprightly as an antelope. The happy man is Mustapha Nouri Pacha, Pacha of Aadrianople.

Receipts by Mail.

May 22.—Received from		*Received from*	
J. R. Young,	$5 00	Wm. D. Dickinson,	$2 00
D. S. Thompson, Esq.	2 50	A. J. Necks,	5 00
M. R. Hill, Esq.	2 00	Wm. Tassman,	2 00
Lewis Davis, Esq.	2 00	Rev. R. Lewis,	5 00
Jacob Linton, Esq.	5 00	D. D. Crumpler, Esq.	5 00
May 23.		Geo. Boggs,	59 64
Henry Pleasin,	22 50	*May 27.*	
R. Kellogg, Esq.	2 00	Nesbon H. Forbes,	15 00
Elijah Willard, Esq.	10 00	James Pringle,	2 00
Abner Eddy, Esq.	2 00	Alvan Ramsey,	5 00
Horace Perkins, Esq.	5 00	Elias A. Brown,	3 00
Abm. Boys, Esq.	6 00	Walton Butler, Esq.	1 00
John McCord, Esq.	3 00	Elijah Robbins, Esq.	5 00
Courter Goodwin,	15 00	Mat Sims, Esq.	5 00
May 26.		S. McKillen, Esq.	10 00
Michael Bobst,	5 00	Abia W. Brown,	10 00
N. Bennett,	2 00	J. R. O'Hanlan,	2 00
J. H. Rackerby,	5 00	*May 28.*	
M. Benjamin,	5 00	D. B. Stickney,	6 00
J. H. Tomlinson,	1 00	Th. Johnston,	2 00
Sol. Cherry, Esq.	4 00	Ebenezer Wilson,	1 00
P. M. Roth, N. Y.	5 00	Joseph Herbert, Esq.	5 00
S. Prescott, Esq.	2 00	John R. Morris, Esq.	1 00
J. K. Trompbour, Esq.	5 00	R. Edwards, Esq.	1 00
Benj. T. Rouse, Esq.	2 00	James Gordon, Esq.	4 00
May 26.		James Harrison, Esq.	3 00
J. H. David,	5 00	John Hyde, Esq.	2 00

* *Patronage from Canada, is not desirable, unless subscribers pay ALL letter postages connected with their business.*

Stock Exchange.

Sales of Stocks at the Stock and Exchange Board, from May 21st to 27th.

			per value.
27 shares	Western Bank, st	61¼@63	50
177 do.	Manufac. Bank Pittsb'g,	60¼@61	50
223 do.	Union Bank, Tennessee,	69¼@69½	50
1490 do.	Norristown Rail-Road,	58¼@60	50
424 do.	Mechanics' Bank,	67¼@68	50
3446 do.	Del. & Hudson Canal,	108a112	100
81 do.	Louisville Bank,	113a114	100
450 do.	New Castle Rail-Road,	37a37½	25
400 do.	Merchants' Bank, Balt.	18¾@19	10
3 do.	Schuylkill Bank,	63	50
970 do.	Girard Bank,	62¾@63½	50
259 do.	Sandy and Beaver Canal,	5¼@5½	5
£31,300	Union Canal 6's 1836,	103	100
200 do.	Planters Bank, Tennessee,	55	50
$2800	Lehigh 6's, 1839,	100a103	100
710 do.	Harrisburg Rail Road,	77@77¼	50
233 do.	United States Bank,	113a113¼	$100
23 do.	Farmers & Mech. Bank,	68a68½	50
50 do.	Philad. & Tren. R. R.	100	100
81 do.	Commercial Bank,	68a68½	50
300 do.	N. Orleans Canal Bank,	110a112½	100
50 do.	Com. Bank New Orleans,	58	50
5 do.	Danville & Potter. R. R.	40a41	50
81 do.	Philadelphia Gas Stock,	20a20½	10
36 do.	Trenton Banking Company,	37½	30
11 do.	Bank of N. America,	460	400
2841 do.	Kentucky Bank,	34a35	30

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

LINES

Suggested upon finding a leaf of Atkinson's Casket in the forest of Georgia.

What doest thou here in the deep forest wild
Where the muse ne'er spoke nor literature smiled,
Where the bard of our country ne'er sang to his love,
Save the Indian, who long since has sounded his lyre,
And echoed the death knell from the grave of his sire,
And mingled his lone spirit above.

So hie thee back, to thy own native sphere
Where the muses shine may behold thy career,
And offer thee at the shrine of the bard
Who first sounded his lyre,
Thy rage to inspire,
That the graces combined, thy work might regard.

CHAS.

Anecdote of Judge Taunton—His Lordship was very quick and smart at repartee. One of the nearest specimens of his talent in this department occurred at Chambers not long since. An attorney applied to enlarge a rule for some purpose. It was granted. The opposing attorney observed that in the whole course of his experience he had never heard of a rule being enlarged under such circumstances.—"I shall have the pleasure then," said the judge, "of enlarging the rule and your experience at the same time."

Epigram on a Waltzing Girl.

There is a charming young girl that I know,
And I've thought that, if I were a beau,
I should like to engage her in a chat,
To feast on her smiles, and all that.
And drink her sweet words as they flowed
From her musical mouth like an ode;
But there's one thing that shocks me I own,
And drives me to let her alone:
She has one of the worst of all faults—
She is fond of this new-fangled waltz.

ANOTHER—ON THE SAME.

She is pretty, I agree
But she waltzes, sir, you see,
And I would not give a fig
For a dancing whirligig.

Hibernian Epitaph.

Beneath this stone lies poor Pat Mound,
Who was lost at sea and never found.

GREAT HONOR.—One of the sons of Pluto lying on his death-bed, and wishing to reward a faithful black, called him into his room and thus addressed him:—"Cato, to reward your long and faithful services, I have remembered you in my will."

"Berry well, massa," replies Cuffee, (his eyes brightening at the hope of receiving a considerable sum of money) "me berry glad massa tink ob poor Cuff."

"I intend you a great honor," continued his master; "I mean to have you interred by my side in the family tomb."

"O! massa," replies Cuffee, "me no like dat—fifty pounds better for me, and suppose some dark night de debil come look for massa, perhaps he take poor Cuffee in mistake."

Joseph Clark, of Rhode Island, being asked if he would consent to be nominated for Governor of that state, returned this answer:—"As I have enjoyed a good character among my fellow-citizens all my life, as is proved by their choosing me their Treasurer more than forty years, *I have no notion of losing it now, in my old age, by being set up for Governor.*"

A pale cemerone house lodger, by the name of Prosser, brought an action against a cockney of the name of Elliot, for a week's lodging, and breaking a pane of glass:

Elliot: I'm not guilty of the vinder, please your worship, it was cracked before ve came into the place, and tell out vile vy vife vas a viping it. I'll be sworn there was a three-square crack in it—that I will.

Prosser alleged that the piece which had been broken was perfectly round.

Elliott: Vy, vat does you call round? I calls a two penny cake round, but the piece as vas broke vas as long'er as a three-cocked hat; and I'm blowed if that be round, your vorship.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—During the representation of Macbeth at Drury lane on Monday night, the gods, as usual, were noisy and quarrelsome, which aroused the anger of one of the "unwashed" in the 3s. gallery. After divers attempts to silence the unruly, he exclaimed, "Be quiet there, ye poor people above, who have only come in at half price!"—*London Paper.*

A NEW HORAE.—A down East editor failing to receive a literary paper to which he is entitled from having published its prospectus, says, if the publishers don't 'pad over directly, he'll blow 'em.'

TO SPRING.

Once more, delightful and soul stirring Spring!
Thou com'st and carriest with thee smiles and joy:
With nought thy pleasing features to destroy,
But fraught with all to make a poet sing.
Oh! who would not thy lovely form caress?
And who would mourn to see thee tinge the plains,
Or shut his ear against the moving strains
Of mounting lark or heart-sick shepherdess?
Thy breath is sweet, oh Spring! and thy fair brow
Around is girt with gil dness: and thine eye
Beams peace about the bosom of that sky
Which hangs its airy cov'ring o'er me now;
And thou art welcome, Spring! but thy return
Gildeth the grave of one whom I must mourn.

A New Rule for Subtraction.—A laboring man purchased a cow of a farmer in the State of Maine, for thirty dollars, one half to be paid in cash, the other half in labor. One day while at work threshing in the farmer's barn, not knowing that any one was near him, he began to soliloquize in the following manner: Take one from two, leaves three; and two from two leaves four; and three from two leaves five. That's the case, and I am afraid my master's cow never will be paid for. The farmer overhearing the soliloquy, stepped into the barn, and told the laborer if he would prove it to be the case, he would give him the cow, and pay him for what labor he had done. The laborer readily agreed to do it, and began in the following manner: I have now been married nearly four years, the first year my wife had a child, that's one from two leaves three; the second she had another—that is two from two and leaves four; the third year she had another which is three from two and leaves five. Now I have five to support, and I fear I shall never be able to pay for the cow. The farmer instantly paid him for his labor, and gave up his note for the cow.

A FUNNY MAN.—Fun is to me what ale was to Boniface. I sleep upon fun—I drink for fun—I live upon fun; hence our dear sunny friends just suit me; they do nothing but laugh; they laugh with one when present, and at one when absent—but to me that is the fun. I admit myself fond of practical joking—I don't mean in one's own particular circle—there it is dangerous; people are not always in the same humour; what they think uncommonly good fun one day, they will seriously resent as an insult the next. There's no judging with certainty a man's temper of mind, and it is not easy to ascertain how much melted butter a gentleman would like to have put in his coat pocket without kicking; I avoid that sort of thing; but on the great scale, I confess to my addiction. Coming here yesterday evening, I stopped the chaise at the corner of Egham, in order to turn the finger post at the corner half round; sent all the people bound for London to Chertsey, all the people destined for Egham to Windsor, and all the people destined for Windsor to London—that's my way. I've whipped off every knocker in Sloan street nights running—a hundred and ninety four, exclusive of shops; and if ever the project of lighting London with smoke should be brought to bear, I'll tar myself you will hear of my darkening the whole Parish of Pancras, by grinding a gunblet hole through a gas pipe! These frolics cost something occasionally, but what of that? Every man has his pursuits—I have mine.—*Theodore Hook.*

GHOSTS.—There is a curious case related of a man who was a well known character, and a man of sense—when it was said he used to see a great number of people in the room with him. Now he himself described the whole phenomenon and the adjuncts to it. He said that after making a cup of coffee, or tea, or so on, they came into his room in great numbers; and as he got better, and less nervous, he has only seen the arms and legs of the persons, without seeing any other part of them. Now this is all an irregular action of the retina of the eye. A gentleman sitting in his library one day, reading or writing, on turning round his head, saw sitting in a chair, a woman in a red cloak. And he said, how came you in here, good woman? No answer was made. You have no right to be here: go out of the room. She took no notice of him. He got up and rang the bell for a servant. The servant came in. Turn this woman out. What woman sir? Why that woman in the red cloak. There's no woman, nor any red cloak, Sir. Well, go and fetch the doctor for me; tell him that I am ill, and wish to speak with him. The man, however, was not to be frightened at this, because he knew it was a delusion of his sight. Now, I have had it so often that it has rather been a matter of amusement to me than any thing else. I have stood before a glass, and seen the upper part of my head and eye and nose very distinctly; but I never saw that I had any mouth or jaws, and I have seen my shoulders very well, but all was blank between my nose and shoulders. Why now, I say, what can you make of this but that it is erroneous action, or in activity in the parts of the retina?—*Abernethy's Lectures.*

A RUM STORY.—Mr. Hunt of North Carolina, said at a temperance meeting in New-York, that the lovers of rum are distinguished for inventing modes of obtaining it. In illustration, he said a man in Orange county, North Carolina, came home with a keg of rum, but was immediately summoned to attend court as a juror, and was greatly puzzled to know what to do with he rum, for his wife, being an intemperate woman, would find it though he should hide it. He finally lashed a strap around it, and suspended it from a beam high above the good wife's reach. She being lame and infirm, was supposed unable to get at the rum. After he was gone, she placed the washtub underneath, and took a gun loaded with a bullet, held it underneath, and pulled the trigger; the ball pierced the keg, and let down the contents into the tub.—*Westfield Journal.*

From the Portland Evening Journal.

THOUGHTS—SCRAPS—GATHERINGS.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," says Pope. This is deplorably true sometimes—but not always.—The greatest of all Jacksonites is he who has learned just enough to know how to make a fool of himself, without the sense to know what a fool he is. Such an animal is ever braying and ever blundering. A man who knows nothing at all is better off than he.

Dignity is very good in its proper place. Nature commonly gives the man of real dignity an instinct, as it were, of the proper time to put on. But a little man aping the natural dignity of a great man, transforming trifles into matters of State—deliberating on pickerel, for example, with as much majesty as upon the rise and the fall of empires,—crying *ore retunda*, for a glass of water, in the mock heroic, as if he were Garrick in King Lear,—what more ridiculous! I knew a man who never addressed "Mr. Speaker," without trifling the "s," arms aloft and the right leg a-swinging.

Why do women love bad men better than good men? They *do*,—and nevertheless they have better hearts and purer feelings than man have. Women ever have a great ambition to reform rakes. First, they pity vice, and at last, in endeavoring to reform it, they love it, or rather the embodied representation of it; just as they love their children, whether well favored or ill-favored, whether little dirty d—s, or sweet angels. Henry the Eighth had six (?) wives,—angels too some of them, and monster he,—and known to be such! How Josephine loved Bonaparte! Mirabeau with a face as ugly as sin, was the greatest and most successful gallant of his day.

Women are greater aristocrats than men ever are.—No woman can break through their magic circle of society, unless a husband takes her into it. If a stray fair one from a strange flock comes near another flock to which she does not belong, what a bustling there is! what a sniffing, a forsaking that shivers one all over! Men always give the hand, and the "how d'ye do," and the "glad to see you." The reason is, that women are honest in such matters with each other, and men play the hypocrite.

The first kiss from a first lover always costs a woman a tear; but that over, and they come of course.—One might make an eloquent story of the many feelings that agitate the female bosom in such a moment.

Men seldom or never trust men with their secrets, and their ambitious projects—but they will trust a woman with almost any thing. Hence successful diplomatists almost always work with the softer sex. An idea connected with this, is suggested why a celebrated personages in this country keeps in a state of angleness.

Considerable is a famous word with the genuine Yankees. Every thing is considerable. "Is it cold to day?" "Yes, pretty considerable"—and so on from "considerable slushy going" to "considerable clever" and "considerable cute." If you are a "true Yankee" look out when that word *considerable* is popping into your mouth.

Any body can talk common sense, but few can talk housense well. This may strike a reader as a singular remark, but let us examine it. Common-sense conversation on common-sense matters is the gift of every body, with any intellect at all—of any man not an idiot or not insane. Every body is ever talking common sense, so it becomes familiar, just as every body can talk of religion and of politics, who can talk of nothing else. But skilful, graceful, elegant housense demands education, wit, wisdom. How few can trifle gracefully!

If I were a preacher, I would say more than many of them do, of the use and necessity of religion in the world even for worldly use. How *necessary* religion is for a State! If I were an infidel, I would lock the foul secret in my own bosom. Religion purifies the feelings and temper of a man, and lifts him far above ordinary mortals in all his conceptions. William Wirt always appeared more than mortal, though I do believe the world overrate his talents,—and for this reason, that they so much love the purity of the man. Religion is every thing to a woman. Nothing is more disgusting than a syllable of disrespect uttered against institutions, which are the stay and staff of women. A woman never appears so lovely as when she is at her prayers. A mother's word, a mother's prayers have more sway over the son, than all the homilies of the pulpit. The simplest phrases from her will draw a tear that no eloquence can bring forth.

In the North they think an orator mad, who is slively, enthusiastic, energetic, daring. In the South, this is eloquence; and there, northern eloquence freezes and chills. A ridiculous idea was that of the southerner, who could not listen to Daniel Webster, because he was so stupid.—and just as ridiculous that of him, who calls McDuffie crazy because he raves and thumps a little at times. *I et mobilis in rebus, &c.* The medium is the best school.

A laugh—a roar, does one good now and then, let the puritans say what they may. It is like letting off steam from a high pressure Mississippi steamboat. Laugh and be fat, is a kind of proverb. Cassius, I am quite sure, never laughed. Fat men always laugh, and no one can become fat, who don't laugh.

I can always tell a man who will live to be a good old age, unless an epidemic carries him off the stage. He is easy, quiet, takes the world as it goes,—if disappointed, cheerfully begins again, and keeps an easy swing.—Such men don't die in the strict sense of the world.—They wear out as a piece of machinery does,—and then their race is over. What a superb book is that of Cicero *de Senectute!* Every old man ought to read it once a week.

OLD HALL, an English comedian of facetious memory, having run up a long score with a widow who kept a tavern, and having no prospect of wiping it off but by marrying her, became very melancholy for fear of not succeeding. Mr. Walker observing it, and inquiring the cause, asked him how he did. "Very ill, Tommy, very ill indeed." "Pray, sir, what is your disorder?" "The heart-burn, Tommy, the heart-burn." "Oh! I understand you," replied Mr. Walker, "the widow?" The old man fetched a deep sigh and departed. A few days afterwards, the widow consenting, they were married. Mr. Walker waited on his friend, to pay his compliments of congratulation, and jocosely said to him, 'How do you now, sir?' The veteran, waiting his finger, and making a long rub on the table, cheerfully answered, 'Perfectly well, Tommy; chalk and water is the best cure in the world for the heart-burn!"

Easter observances in Greece.—Exactly at noon all the bells in the city burst out in one peal. At the same time the bishop says, "Our Lord is come!" and crash, crash, crash, go all the broken pots and pans out of all the windows in all the narrow streets of Corfu; while the old women who have been on the qui vive for the moment, exclaim, "Avaunt, fleas, bugs, and all vermin! make way for the Lord of all to enter!" The people have eaten nothing but vegetables for forty days; and now, alas! for the lambs. At the door of every house may be seen the master with his white apron on and his knife in hand; he cuts himself, the throat of the pale little wretch, and, ere its life has quite departed, nips a lock of wool in the blood, and makes a cross on the lintell of the door way.—*Sketches of Corfu, by a Lady.*

MALIBRAN.—One of our papers received by the Orpheus, contains an account of a very singular adventure that recently befell the lady in Italy, which we will briefly relate for the amusement of our musical readers. The people of Arezzo learning her arrival at that place, refused to let her pass on her journey, until she had sung for them from the balcony of the inn. She refused, declaring she could not and would not. A *gentlemen robber* then emerged from the crowd, presented a pistol at her, and urged his claims upon the fair songstress. She wept with agitation and anger, but the mob still continuing inexorable, her courier (who proved to be De Beriot, her husband) went to the carriage, brought out his violin, and amused the audience in the street with an exquisite performance, until Malibran had wiped her eyes and recovered her voice. She then sung a cavatina in her very best manner, and received louder applause than she had ever before met with in Europe or America. The delighted Arretians then harnessed themselves to her carriage, and dragged her on her road for several miles!!!

DUTCH CUSTOMS.—"We cannot refrain from mentioning a few trifling but characteristic customs. The stranger will seldom walk far in a Dutch town without meeting a man in a long black gown and a low cocked hat, with a black cane depending behind. This is a public officer—the *Clamjerecker*. His office is, on the death of any person, to inform all the friends and acquaintances of the melancholy event. The funeral of a Dutchman is expensive according to the time of the day. If the interment is after two o'clock, the charge is 25 florins; after three, 100 florins; and if later, double that sum. The cause of this singular custom we have not been able to learn. Every person who can'd claim the slightest acquaintance with the deceased, follows him to the grave. The ceremony being over, the mourners pay their compliments to the widow or nearest relation, who provides liquor, and the glass circulates three or four times; all then depart, except the near relations and particular friends of the family, who are especially invited to a feast. The nearest akin to the defunct takes the direction of it; bumpers are drunk to the memory of their departed friend and prosperity to those he has left behind him, until their grief is completely drowned in wine or Schiedam. Songs then succeed; the musicians are called in; the widow leads off the first dance, and the festivities continue until daylight separates the merry mourners! These strange festivities were carried to such excess that they were expressly forbid in the province of Overyssel.—*Gordan's Travels in Belgium and Holland.*

FORCE OF HABIT.—According to Rennet, the parson of the aborigines of New South Wales for hunting kankaroos, opossums, and so forth, appears to be the meatingushable. The moment the kankaroo is killed, the struggle begins, not as in an English field, for the brush, as a trophy, but for a limb to be forthwith broiled (with the hair on) and devoured. Nay, in many cases, they do not even wait for any application of fire, but tearing the animal joint from joint, knock off the end a bone *instanter*, and begin sucking the marrow before it has time to get cold. No abundance of beef and potatoes seems to damp in the smallest degree these ancestral epnetites; and no new artificial habits strike deep enough to interfere with their immediate indulgence when opportunity is afforded. A friend of the author observed a native woman, well clothed, and of really decent appearance, engaged in some domestic offices in the plentiful kitchen of a farmer on the Murrumbidgee. He expressed his satisfaction at what he saw, but was assured that, though she had just risen from a capital dinner, if she discovered an opposum on the top of a tree, she would instantly strip herself to the skin, and mount seventy or eighty feet into the air, rather than lose the chance of securing such a *bonne bouche.*

LIFE OF AARON BURR.

This work, by Col. Knapp of Boston, has recently appeared. The Newark Daily advertiser gives the following summary, embracing the leading incidents in it:

Aaron Burr was born at Newark, N. J. February 5, 1756. He was left without father or mother, when about three years old. The care of his education devolved upon a maternal uncle. He was prepared for college at eleven years old, and entered, as a special favor, at 12. He was intended for the pulpit, and commenced the study of theology with a reverend divine of Connecticut; but the bar and the army presented more attractions to his youthful mind; and when the battle of Bunker Hill was announced, and Washington had accepted the command of the army at Cambridge, Burr, impatient of the restraints of scholarship, set out for the seat of war. Before he could attach himself to any particular regiment or company, he fell into a slow and nervous fever, and suffered a long confinement. When he recovered he entered as a volunteer in the expedition to Quebec, by the way of Kennebec river. The narration of his adventures during this unfortunate expedition, and of the melancholy fate of Montgomery, though short, is extremely interesting.

In 1775, Burr was the aid of Gen. Putnam, and though a beardless youth, he was known to all the officers of the army, and his praises were on every tongue. He was soon made a lieutenant colonel, and had the command of a regiment at Monmouth. His horse was shot under him by a cannon ball, which struck the animal just behind the girth of the saddle at the moment the rider had stretched his leg forward to give himself a more easy position.

In 1778, Col. Burr was attached to that part of the northern army under Gen. M'Dougal. The summer of 1778 he spent in Connecticut, and took command of the militia that were suddenly raised to arrest the progress of the British troops which landed at West Haven—which they gave occasion for a possession of eight hours. He tendered his resignation to Gen. Washington, soon after, but he never was discharged.

After he left the army, Col. Burr studied law with a practical attorney in New-York. In 1784 he was elected a representative from the city to the state legislature, where, as well as at the bar, he displayed talents of high order. In 1790, he was appointed attorney-general of the state. In 1792, he was elected to the senate of the United States, and took his seat in that body in November of that year.

The contest which took place in 1800, in the house of representatives, in regard to the presidency, and which resulted in placing Col. Burr in the chair of the senate, as vice-president of the United States, is well known. An interesting portion of Mr. Knapp's memoir exhibits Col. Burr as presiding at the trial of judge Chase and traces his progress from that time through a period full of thrilling occurrences—the fatal duel with General Hamilton, the Blannerhassett affair—the trial for treason—the exile to Europe—and return a vagabond, to his native country. We cannot do the author so much injustice as to attempt to abridge this part of the life; it will repay the time spent in reading. It closes with Luther Martin, occupies about a dozen pages, which is strikingly characteristic of the temper and talent of that individual. After Colonel Burr's return to New-York, and when he had acquired a competency, Martin was his guest, and continued so for many years—an act of liberality which was praised even by his enemies.

The annexed extract exhibits the wile of the traitor Arnold, who excited the sympathy of the army on the occasion of her husband's detection, in an entirely new light. The world it would appear has been in much deceived in her character as in that of Colonel Burr.

Colonel Burr, in 1780, was on a visit to Mrs. Provost, the lady who not long after became his wife, when Mrs. Arnold stopped at her house, on her way to the city of New-York, in order to join her husband. At the first news of his treason, Mrs. Arnold excited the sympathy of every one. Her lamentations and screams might be heard a distance, and many feared that her reason would be shaken from its throne. Several of the officers at West Point that time, wrote most affecting descriptions of her wretchedness; and some went so far as to think that the wounds given to the heart of an elegant and accomplished woman, deserved as much punishment as the traitor. Arnold had corrupted. Washington was deeply affected at her situation, and resolved her every assistance in his power, and with great gallantry sent her a letter of safe-conduct to the lines. Mrs. Provost was the widow of a British officer, and to her Mrs. Arnold could unbosom herself; and being assured that no one was near but females, she threw off the mask, thanked God that the farce of hypocrisy was over, she had tried to be an actress any longer. She said that she had commenced the correspondence with the British commander, and brought her husband to the deed at last, against also, that she had long abhorred the American cause, and now was happy that she was free from the rebels. This spoils the pathos of many brilliant descriptions of her patriotism and sensibility; but, nevertheless, the generous feelings in which they were written will still remain as proofs that there was nothing revengeful or low in the disposition of those who achieved our independence.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

On the Cultivation of Celery.—It appears to me that a few practical hints on the cultivation of this useful and delicious vegetable might prove interesting and serviceable to many of your readers. I beg to premise that it is a mere detail of the methods I have practised this summer, by which I have raised celery in heads of two and two and a half feet high, of which twelve to eighteen inches are blanched and tender; they are *single* heads, without offsets, and many four and five inches in circumference. This method has one convenience, which is, that the young plants are raised in the open ground, without glass or hot-bed.

In the beginning of May, later or earlier, as the season may indicate, dig and pulverize well about six square feet of well manured and open ground; water it very lightly, but thoroughly, with a rose on the watering pot, early in the day, then sow your seed and water again thoroughly in the same way. Cover up this bed lightly with a double layer of Russia mat, which should be dry, and kept down at the corners with stones. The sun striking on the mats penetrates them, and causes a general moist heat to rise from the earth; this is the most favorable state of an atmosphere for the vegetation of seeds, and the celery, particularly if not fresh, is very difficult on this point; the covers should be maintained in as dry a state as possible, (after heavy rains, the upper mat may at be changed,) because if wet, considerable evaporation takes place in the night, which is always productive of great satisfaction, and hundreds of instances have come under the author's observation, where it has required the hoe on hand-hall for years. It prevents the hair from falling out or turning grey, removes the dandruff, and gives the most luxuriant locks a soft and beautiful curl. Parents will find it especially useful for their children, as it is the most expeditious remedy for promoting the growth of whiskers. Price 25 cents per phial.

N. B.—It is pleasantly perfumed, and is well adapted for dressing the hair in general.

INDIAN DYE

For colouring red, light or grey hair and whiskers, a permanent brown or jet black in a few hours, without staining the skin, or soiling the finest linen; it is a permanent dye, and does not rub off. From recent improvements in the article, it can be applied without much inconvenience, and with a certainty of success. Price 75 cents.

The above articles are offered to dealers, at a large discount from the retail prices; and all orders directed to the subscriber, will meet with prompt attention. Persons purchasing the articles, will please inquire for "Dyer's" as various imitations of the above articles are in circulation.

L. W. GLENN,
Manufacturer and Perfumer, No. 81 South Third street,
Sign of the Vase of Flowers, opposite the Exchange.
may 23—2m

Look out for Bargains.

TO FARMERS, SPECULATORS and CAPITALISTS. The subscriber offers at public sale, all his real and personal estate, consisting of the following property, viz:

No. 1. The farm where he now resides, containing between 3 and 400 acres, (by the acre) pleasantly situated in the town-ship of Springfield, county of Burlington, state of New Jersey, 8 miles from Philadelphia, 9 from Camden, 3 from Moorestown, and others, about three quarters of a mile from Upper Springfield Meeting house, 1 mile from post office, 2 miles from grist-mill and saw-mill. The soil is of good quality loam, and easy tilled. There are about 60 acres meadow of a good quality; it abounds with iron ore within 2 miles of Hanover furnace. The timber on the farm is of a first rate quality. From the appearance of the ground from which it was taken, it is supposed that from 100,000 to 1,000,000 tons can be obtained, worth at least 25 cents per load. When the farm is in a high state of cultivation, it is one of the best in the neighborhood. There are about 40 acres of woodland, the residue arable land that will produce from 20 to 40 bushels of Indian corn per acre. It is also good for wheat, rye and grass, and is as certain to pay for cultivation as any farm in the vicinity. The improvements are a brick mansion, 47 by 28, built of brick, with a tile roof, 2 stories high, dormer-d windows and wings on the north side, 2 stories high, 24 by 18 feet, and garrets plastered, divided into 4 apartments, 2 wells of the best of water, 2 pumps that will hold 100 hogsheads—house, meat-house and cellar under the whole of the house, arranged in the best manner, wash-house with boiler, and room for 2 carriages, a lumber room with loft and room for 2 carriages, a hay and corn house with loft and room for 2 carriages, pork house with cellar and loft room for 2 carriages, a hen house with loft and room for 2 carriages, a smoke house, brick sheep-house 16 by 70 feet, there is about 500 yards a very good and large house that will accommodate 4 families, having 4 fire places. The above is a most desirable property for any one who may wish to enter the done; also a new stable that will hold 4 horses.

No. 2. A lot of land in Johnstown, containing 14 acres and some perches, on which is a large well finished two story house with piazza under the same, a well and good water, the house with 2 rooms and fire places below, a young orchard, with a number of locust trees about it, and is so situated that there may be 10 lots laid out.

No. 3.—14 acres and some perches in Burlington, about 600 yards from No. 2, with a very handsome growth of young timber. Both the above lots are within a few hundred yards of the Rail Road.

No. 4. About 30 acres of swamp and meadow land.

No. 5.—About 8 acres of young timber near the above.

No. 6. About 36 acres of young timber in New Hanover, near Wrightstown.

No. 7. About 16 acres, 10 acres of pine land, within 2½ miles of Wrightstown.

No. 8. About 250 acres pine and oak, in Northampton, near Rancocas, 3 miles from the above.

No. 9.—1750 acres of pine land, within 4 miles of the above.

No. 10. 30 acres near Burr's tract, very handsome young timber.

No. 11.—Also one third of a tract of cedar and cranberry swamp, known by the old tract, say 500 to 1000 acres.

No. 12.—110 acres in Gloucester county, near Malaga Hall, all very handsome young timber, oak and chestnut, within six miles of Woodbury ferry.

No. 13.—Land warrants in the state of Georgia, of 1000 acres of uncultivated land, laid out 21 years ago.

No. 14.—A house and lot near Isaac Hoover's.

No. 15.—A house and lot in this town, now built on a portion of it by Rynard Owens, who is to have it during his life, with three quarters of an acre of land.

16. Also a small house, nearly new, near Owen's

T. E. C. J.

N. B.—Because of bankruptcy—commencing at Springdale township, New Haven—Burlington county, and connected with the same in Camden and the surrounding townships. Look out for them. may 16—3t

To Journeymen Brush Makers.

WANTED, one finery boring hand, one common do., two pan handle sqe panel do., two rounders and setters, two cloth brush drawers, and eight fine hole drawers. Consistent persons wanting employment at either of these branches, may depend on steady work. Apply to D. FERRIS & Co
37 Pearl street, New York
may 18—3t

Specific Ointment,

(The only True and Genuine of Dr. Wm. Judkins,) for the Cure of

WHITE swellings, sore legs, ulcers, glandular tumors, white spots, cancerous sores, scrofula, scald, erysipelas, burns, inflammation in women's breasts, glandular swellings, and in short wounds, bruises, rheumatism, piles, ring-worms, erysipelas, and all sores, whether standing, running or ulcerated.

For sale wholesale and retail by the proprietor,

JAMES R. GILLINDER,
Upper Market street, south side, second door east of
PETER LEHMAN,
280 Market street, Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—I beg leave to state to the public, that there has been a counterfeit of the above Ointment, which has been extensively sold in this city and elsewhere, which I am sorry to say is not well prepared nor fit for use, except it can be of some glossy in the sun—and when the sale is will be prepared by JAMES R. GILLINDER, very careful to take notice in recommending that procured by him as the genuine. Dr. Wilson Judkins, Bucks County, deceased, as never has will he interested by any body or in any other sale. The public, therefore, are cautioned against purchasing any thing that has not the signature of James R. Gillinder, written in his own hand writing, on the label pasted on each pot. WM. JUDKINS.

R. S. Gilbert,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD—No. 42 PRUNE ST
above Fifth street. no 2 3m—if

Lorenzo Dow's Medicine.

THIS medicine has been found of great efficacy in those complaints in New England and elsewhere, for the cure of the following diseases, viz:—Bilious Fever, Dysepsia, Ague, Cold Chills, Loss of Appetite, Affection of the Liver, Dysentery, Stomach and Bowel Complaints, and Female Weakness.

Recommendations.—We, the subscribers having made a trial with of Lorenzo Dow's Pleasant Specific, do certify that we believe it to be a good medicine for the purposes for which it is intended recommends. We believe it particularly well adapted to the cure of Females, in a debilitated and deranged state.

Signed, Peter Griffin, Daniel Burroughs, minister of the Gospel, and Sylvester Gilbert, Judge of the Court, in Hebron, Connecticut.

☞ Made and sold by J. WINEBRENNER, Harrisburg, Pa., sole Proprietor for Pennsylvania and the adjoining states. Also, sold by R. Bowers, S. E. corner of Third and Vine sts.; Wm. Heatherington, S. W. corner of Green and Second streets; J. Pitcairn, corner of Mead Alley and South Second street; and by B. A. Hadlow, Western Drug Warehouse, No. 275 Market street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents per bottle.
ap 8—3m*

To the Printers of the U. States.

J. SPITTALL, wood letter cutter and engraver, No. 48 Franklin Place, Philadelphia, respectfully announces to the Printers of the United States, that he has commenced the manufacture of WOOD LETTERS.

From his general knowledge of the business, and long practical acquaintance with printing, he is convinced his letters will, at least, bear comparison, in every respect, to any made in America and warranted to be superior to those made by many of his competitors.

Wood Letter of every description, from four to thirty-four lines Pica, or upwards, made to order on the shortest notice.

Ornamental Letters, Figures, Flowers, Vignettes, &c. from two lines Great Primer to any size large.

J. S. invites the attention of the trade to his Fancy Letters, confident that nothing equal to them has hitherto been presented to their notice. These letters will be cut on box-wood of the best quality, and well executed, and will be less liable to damage than type metal.

The type generally will be made of materials of the best assortment, well seasoned, and prepared by machinery, invented for the purpose, which secures the most correct proportion.

Some small cases, complete, will be made to complete fonts purchased from the above, cheap for cash.

Specimens will be published as early as possible.

ENGRAVING ON WOOD, executed with neatness and promptitude. Hands for, or Ornaments to Show Cards, Initial and Plain Rules, &c. &c. cut with the greatest accuracy in type metal or wood.

Borders for large bills, &c. cut to any pattern in pieces required by the purchaser.

Old cast metal cuts, ornaments, &c. engraved over, and made equal to new, for half their original cost.

N.B. Wood-cut engraving on hard every material necessary for a Printing Office, at about 50 per cent. under the usual charge. Six months credit on the most approved security. Orders from the country promptly attended to. All letters must be post paid. apr 11—tf

Circular.

THE Subscriber most respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a LADIES' SHOE STORE, at the stand formerly occupied by the Messrs. Brown, No. 2, corner of North and Second streets, where he will at all times be fully supplied with a very general assortment of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Shoes, made by first rate workmen, every variety in fashion, and warranted to please. The former customers of the establishment, and the public generally, are invited to call and examine the assortment.

JOSEPH EVANS.

N. B.—The business as heretofore conducted at No. 236 Market street, will be continued by
mar 25—3m* JOSEPH EVANS.

Painter and Glazier.

JAMES CHAMBERS, No. 271 Callowhill street, between Lawrence and Eighth streets, thankful for past favors, would inform his friends and the public that he still continues the House and Sign Painting, Glazing, Wall Painting, Imitations of Mahogany, Maple, Marble, &c., which he will execute in a superior manner, and on reasonable terms.

N. B.—Ready mixed Paints, Oil, Glass, Putty, Varnish, and every article connected with the above business, for sale wholesale and retail.

Two Apprentices wanted. apr 15—3t*

Wm. D. Nolen, Surgeon Dentist,

And Manufacturer of Porcelain Teeth,
No. 194 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADA.
may 7—1y

Matting and Carpeting.

The subscriber offers for sale, by the Piece or Yard,

4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 Plain } MATTING.
4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 Figured }
Ingrained, }
Venitian, } CARPETING.
Cotton, and }
Rag }

Hearth Rugs, Window Blinds, Table Covers, Oil Cloths, Umbrellas and Parasols, with a general assortment of DRY GOODS.

HAMIL TOWNSEND,
No. 48 Market street, 3d door
below Bank st., south side.
april 11—3t

Looking Glasses,

At Auction Prices.

THE subscribers manufacture all kinds of Looking Glasses, with Gilt, Mahogany and Pine Frames, and will them as low as they can be sold at Auction or in the Auction rooms. Any size or design not manufactured to order. Plates supplied from the Frames, at the lowest price.

WILLIAM READ, & Co.
149 Market street, 4 doors below
Fourth, north side, up stairs.
may 2—3m

Mrs. R. L. Smith,

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public generally, that her store, which was recently destroyed by fire, has been refitted, and that she is now offer an extensive assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, at the old stand, No. 104 North Second street, below Race, west side.

These goods have been selected with great care, comprising the newest and most desirable styles in the market, and will be sold at the lowest prices. Also, a large assortment of ladies ready-made Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, some embroidered, some not; Gentlemen's do. do.; Linen Cambric and Muslin Collars, assorted; Linen Cambric and Muslin Cuffs, assorted; Linen Cambric, assorted; Linen Cambric, fancy Muslin and Swiss Bosoms; Linen Cambric, fancy Muslin and Swiss Gentlemen's Shirts, ready made; Linen Cambric, fancy Muslin and Swiss Gentlemen's Shirts, made to order